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The Week

IN LAST week's issue of the New Republic, commenting on the Senate investigation of the Illinois primary election, we observed that the total expenditure of half a million dollars which had been revealed up to the time of going to press was probably only a beginning. That we were right is shown by the revelations of the succeeding seven days, which have doubled the sum. The committee, up to this writing, has revealed the use of $973,000. Of this, the defeated Republican candidate, Senator W. B. McKinley, has confessed to $361,091, and the members of the committee claim that $133,000 more which was spent by the Deneen faction ought properly to be added to the McKinley total, giving this open-handed candidate, the friend and follower of President Coolidge, a total just under half a million. Frank L. Smith, the successful Republican candidate, has admitted spending $287,251. George Brennan, Democratic boss of Chicago and successful contender for the Democratic nomination, concedes a campaign fund of $20,000, of which $15,000 came from Samuel B. Insull, Chicago's famous public-utility magnate. Mr. Insull scattered his money in all directions. He gave Mr. Smith $125,000, a donation which is doubly interesting when you remember that the Republican politician is also head of the Illinois Commerce Commission, the body which fixes all rates for all public utilities and which therefore holds—in theory—the power of life and death over Mr. Insull's various properties. He gave $33,000 to a special anti-World Court fund, which was another way of aiding Mr. Smith. He gave the pro-McKinley Deneen faction $10,000, the Crowe-Barrett crowd $10,000 more, and a gentleman named Schuyler, who turns out to be Mr. Insull's personal attorney, showered on the fortunate Mr. Smith an additional $25,000. The investigation is not yet complete; it is generally expected that several hundred thousand dollars more will be uncovered before the tale is told.

INTEREST in the Illinois primary corruption seems to centre less about the use made of the huge funds collected—that is taken for granted—than about the reasons for its contribution. These may never be precisely discovered. It could hardly be a paying investment for a utilities magnate to invest a quarter or a half million in a United States Senator, for the Senate has little to do with the regulation of utilities, which is still in the hands of local and state governments and the courts. Of course federal legislation is pending about Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam and other power projects, but even so it would hardly be worth while for utility interests to pay such a high price to replace Senator McKinley, whom they could doubtless trust in such matters as implicitly as they could Mr. Smith. The contributions may have constituted a reward for services rendered by Mr. Smith as member of the Illinois Commerce Commission. But nobody seems to know just what these services were. A further explanation based on the fact that Mr. Insull contributed to all factions and parties, is that the affair was a species of blackmail, actual or po-

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tential—that he did not dare fall into the bad graces of any powerful group. This, while probably close to the truth, does not account for the partiality to Smith. There remains the faint possibility that Mr. Insull as a citizen was sincerely interested in defeat of the World Court, and contributed his hundreds of thousands just as any stranger might have given his dollar. Almost nobody credits this. Yet even if it were true, the evil public effects of the present alliance between big business and political corruption would remain.

THE news from Mexico as we go to press suggests that the crisis between the government and the Catholic Church has passed its peak. The clashes which marked the final days of services by the priests have died down as religious ceremonies have been suspended and the churches put in the hands of local committees of citizens. The parade of Mexican workingmen, a demonstration in favor of the government policy, passed off in comparative peace despite the obvious risk of bloodshed on a rather wide scale which it involved. The action of the Mexican hierarchy in offering a truce was on the whole a conciliatory one, even though they must have known in advance that it was certain to be rejected. During its first days the boycott by Catholic laymen, involving abstention from all purchases which can possibly be avoided, has had little effect upon business. This was to be expected; the strength of the Church lies among the poor peons, and probably 90 percent of the expenditures made by these are for necessities and of a strictly compulsory character. The class which buys non-necessities contains only a minority of Catholic communicants. On the whole, there is good reason to hope that a modus vivendi between church and state will be found. Careful examination of the newly promulgated laws shows that it is entirely possible for the Church to continue to serve its worshipers without violating the law, if it is willing to do so. With the memory of what happened in France and Russia still vivid, it is likely to move with circumspection, and to hesitate a long time before it abandons its millions of Mexican communicants to their fate.

THOSE who are performing most badly in this matter are not the Mexicans, but the Catholics in the United States. The church officials here have on the whole acted with admirable restraint; but some of the laymen have allowed their zeal to run away with their common sense. Alfred J. Talley, head of a newly-organized Association for the Protection of Religious Rights in Mexico, has sent to Senators James W. Wadsworth and Royal S. Copeland what can only be described as a bullying telegram, demanding to know "what you propose to do" about the matter of America's attitude toward the Mexican situation. A proper answer would be, we think, that they would seek to prevent that forcible intervention in the affairs of a neighboring country which some Catholics have urged. Representative John J. Boylan goes even further than Mr. Talley. In a public statement he says that

> Washington is vacillating in its stand on the arms and ammunition embargo. Why? Does perhaps the closeness of the primary elections for Senators and Congressmen influence the administration in its deaf and dumb policy?

It is not necessary to look to politics to find reasons for continuance of our government's present attitude. The embargo, our readers will remember, does not apply to arms and ammunition for the Mexican government, but only to groups hostile to it. The effort to have it lifted comes from those who want weapons put in the hands of Mexican Catholics by which to make armed resistance to the decrees of the Calles régime. For the United States to consent to such a thing would mean that our government had joined hands with the revolutionists; if such an act would not be unfriendly to our neighboring republic, we wish someone would tell us why not. Moreover, if the Church took up arms it would undoubtedly alienate sympathy of non-Catholics throughout the world. It is perfectly well entitled to protest against the actions of the government. The economic boycott is also a legitimate weapon, since it is in effect an attempt at a plebiscite to find out on which side the mass of the people are, and how deeply they are concerned. There is no justification, however, for an appeal to violence. No one knows this better than the responsible leaders of the Church; and no doubt they would rejoice to be rid of their pestiferously zealous lay supporters.

WITH the unprecedented, though as yet unverified interview credited to Mr. Cochran of J. P. Morgan and Company, predicting that General Motors stock would rise at least 100 points from the neighborhood of its present high of 200, another stock market boom seems to be on. Everything favors it—credit is easy, profits are large, the predicted slump in business has not materialized, and enormous dividends are being distributed to the propertied classes. Stories of the fortunes made by professional operators in the recent upswing are being circulated for public consumption, and the lambs are being enticed to come and do likewise. There is every prospect that caution will be thrown to the winds. We need not tell the initiates that signs of this character usually precede an attempt by insiders to bid up the market until they can unload their holdings at levels highly profitable to themselves. All this, however, does not mean that prosperity will continue forever. The same factors in the situation which caused the warnings of depression, more or less mild, remain in the background. Building, though still at high levels, has apparently passed the peak and is on the down

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grade. Industries depending on the demand of retail consumers which cannot be stimulated by instalment buying, like textiles and shoes, are doing poorly. Exports, particularly of agricultural commodities, are falling off. Present prosperity seems to be built on the hold-over of past prosperity, on further investments in capital goods which may not turn out to be wise, on advance buying by merchants and manufacturers, and on discounting the future purchasing power of the consumers through instalment credits. All this may come to an end, possibly even before the year is over.

THE jaunt of Col. Carmi Thompson to the Philippines, where he was supposed to study conditions but has in fact conducted a propaganda against independence and in favor of American rubber interests, has had one good result. It has thrown into the spotlight the dissatisfaction of the Filipinos with Governor General Leonard Wood. The newspapermen in Colonel Thompson's party could not fail to notice and report the friction which exists between General Wood and the native population. He is at loggerheads with the legislature. He cannot get passed the bills he wants, and he vetoes those which the Filipinos regard as necessary. One of these, authorizing a plebiscite on the question of independence, was repassed over his veto. Manuel Quezon, President of the Philippine Senate, probably put his finger on the trouble when he explained to an interviewer that the natives feel General Wood smacks too much of the military man. Technically he is a civilian occupying a civilian post, though reporting to the War Department. Actually, his long military experience and associations have caused him, perhaps unconsciously, to adopt the technique of a military ruler who uses the iron hand and is not particularly solicitous to employ the velvet glove. Mr. Quezon added that the Filipinos are overwhelmingly against the Bacon bill, which would create a separate government in the Moro provinces; and are opposed to any revision of the present laws prohibiting plantations larger than 2,500 acres each. The inhabitants of the archipelago want, as the unanimous resolution of the legislature said the other day, immediate and complete political independence. They are willing to develop the rubber industry, but not on terms which are sure to postpone the day of independence for many decades and perhaps forever. Confronted by such an attitude, any Governor General must of course have a difficult task to perform. General Wood has no doubt worked honestly and efficiently according to his best judgment; but it is clear that he has outlived his usefulness in the islands.

WHEN M. de Jouvenel was made French High Commissioner for Syria a few months ago we were told with a great flourish of trumpets that he would undo all the mistakes of his brutal and stupid predecessors, restore order, pacify the Druse, and give Syria a taste of that far-famed French genius for administering mandated and colonial territories of which so much has been heard and so little seen in recent years. Not one of these promises has been carried out. The Druse remain as implacably hostile as ever. Damascus, which has been virtually besieged for many months, sees its trade dwindling to the point of ruination. Under de Jouvenel, atrocities have been about as frequent and as abominable as before. The French recently bombarded one quarter of Damascus, in the hands of the rebels, and killed a number of civilians which is estimated by the Syrians at 700. Altogether, the régime of de Jouvenel seems to have been an unmitigated failure; and Premier Poincaré confessed as much when he virtually promised, a few days ago, that he would be recalled. But recalling one unsuccessful administrator after another is not enough. The French have an accounting to make before the world of their whole policy in the Middle East, as well as in Africa, where they recently managed to put down a struggle for independence among the Riffians comparable in every way to our own revolution except in the one little matter of success. They may delay this accounting—but they cannot avoid it.

AS Mr. John Maynard Keynes returns to the problem of the franc again in our pages this week, Poincaré proceeds with the problem of trying to make receipts cover expenses in France. His most striking innovation is the creation of a sinking fund for the internal debt, and the conversion of part of it to securities in the tobacco monopoly, which is to be alienated from the government and made a private corporation. This measure may have one of three results. If the monopoly continues to make as much money as at present nothing will be gained, because while the government will have rid itself of bonds it will also have rid itself of income. If the monopoly cannot return as much income to the bondholders as they were due to receive from the government, a convenient method of repudiation will have been found. If, on the other hand, the monopoly under private management makes more than at present, the tobacco users will be paying the rentiers—which may be an easier method of raising revenue for the payment than taxation. It is by no means clear, however, that a real budget balance is yet in sight. An editorial in our issue of July 14 explained the reasons for thinking that this basic requirement of stabilization is less easy of attainment than Mr. Keynes seems to think. Once it were attained, his prescription would probably cure the patient.

COMBINATIONS, according to report, continue to be made in European heavy industry. These are not for the most part, like our modern American "trusts," actual mergers involving centralized ownership of stocks or physical assets. They are

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rather pooling agreements which tend to limit production, assign markets and apportion output of specific products. The first one concerned steel rails, others are following on iron and other steel products. Just what interests are included is not clear, but German and French firms form the basis of the arrangements. The British seem to be included in some, though not in others. It is alternately asserted and denied that American interests are involved. They may participate either directly or indirectly through the British or the German. Such agreements, in so far as they limit international industrial rivalry, tend to remove the causes of war. It is not so clear, however, that they are of advantage to the international consuming public. A national monopoly, uncontrolled in the public interest, is bad enough, but an international monopoly may substitute an economic giant which cannot be reached through any single government. Here is a development which must be watched closely.

THE case of Don R. Mellet, editor of the Canton, O., Daily News, who was murdered in his own dooryard a short time ago is one with points of unusual interest. Mellett was a crusading journalist of a type now rapidly becoming extinct. He fought the forces of evil in his community, and he had plenty of them to fight. Canton is a bustling city of 110,000 persons which, among other attractions, possesses an extensive slum district where bootlegging, dope peddling and prostitution flourish. Mellett had turned his guns against these elements with a degree of success which distressed more than the vice element. He revealed in the columns of his paper not only the names of those who sold liquor but those who bought it, thus alienating the respectables. Two well known Canton bootleggers went to the penitentiary as a result of his efforts, and a former Director of Safety who was already there found his expectations of a speedy release blocked because of the activities of this annoying journalistic watch-dog. In fact, he was inconvenient all around, and so a gunman was hired to put him out of the way. The police authorities, who had been accused in his paper of being hand-in-glove with the bootleggers, have shown a complete lack of enthusiasm for the job of tracing down his murderer. The town's leading business men have been equally chilly: Mellett's revelations of Canton conditions had been giving the town a bad name, might even—most dreadful of all catastrophes—have kept away some prospective factory builders. According to reliable reports, there appear to be few in Canton to mourn him, except his widow and his children. Canton was satisfied with the alliance which existed among business, crime and the police. Why did Mellett want to come along and disturb things?

THE Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals opposes canceling the European war debt so long as Europe fails to adopt prohibition. The United States, they say, is saving $5,000,000,000 annually through prohibition, and our debtors are wasting the same amount through lack of it. Consequently it was not the War that made us rich, and Europe could easily pay us if she went dry. We hardly know which to admire most about this contention, its economics, its Christian morality, or its common sense as a method of promoting international friendship. Senator Borah set the example for this sort of thing by saying that we should not let up on the debt so long as France misbehaves in Syria and Morocco. A proper retort would be for France to say she would not pay so long as America continues her policy of financial imperialism in the Caribbean, retains the Philippines against their will, permits the highest murder rate in the world, lynches Negroes, fosters public corruption by million-dollar election funds, or indulges in the economic waste of religious revivals and Methodist reformers, without which we should be recompensed to at least the amount of what she owes us. Insisting on terms oppressive to a debtor as a means of moral reformation is hardly an attitude which we ought to find in followers of Jesus. But it is, perhaps, thoroughly consistent with the faith of the Puritan reformer, who believes he has a divine mission not only to set standards of moral conduct for others but to enforce those standards by external compulsion.

SENATOR T. H. CARAWAY of Arkansas is a statesman whose words are not as a rule regarded as the ultimate embodiment of supreme wisdom. The other day, however, he said something worthy of respectful attention, because it was news. Asked about Presidential prospects within the Democratic party, he admitted that Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York could probably be made the Democratic candidate in 1928 "by acclamation" if the two-thirds rule were abolished. He could not, however, be elected, even if it were a "Democratic year," for the Solid South would desert him. Why? Not because he is a Northerner, nor a Tammany man. Not even because he is a wet. No, the objection to Smith in the South is because he is a Roman Catholic. The Ku Klux element which is such an important factor in the Southern Democracy is as hostile to Catholicism as ever; indeed, the Senator observed that the recent Eucharistic Congress in Chicago served to increase this hostility because of the open display of the power and wealth of that church. Senator Caraway deserves thanks for at least one thing: he has had the courage—or the indiscretion—to come out openly and say what most of his fellow politicians believe but have not been brave enough openly to admit. The truth thus admitted may be unpalatable, but at least it is more wholesome that we should face it unequivocally than to continue to whisper the facts and shout a falsehood.

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SENATOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS, of Iowa, who died last week at the age of 76, had a life story of a sort which is all too familiar in American politics. As a young man in the Middle West he found his opportunity for self-advancement in the espousal of markedly progressive doctrines. That section of the country was dominated by great corporations, particularly the railroads, which exercised their power with a brazenness and contempt for the public which they have since learned to moderate. Amid violent denunciations as a radical, Cummins fought the railroads successfully; he fought the barbed wire trust; as the friend and champion of the common man he was thrice elected Governor of Iowa, and with the momentum thus acquired he went to the Senate. But with advancing years there came, as there has to many a man, a change in viewpoint. He had won his Iowa fight against the big corporations, and lacking a fundamental philosophy of alteration in the social order, he presently found himself among the "spiritually unemployed." Therefore he slowly became a conservative, a wheelhorse of the Republican machine. At the end, with irony which might have come from a master dramatist's hand, he was rejected by the people of Iowa decisively, in favor of a progressive, many years his junior, at whom today there are being hurled all the epithets which greeted Albert Cummins forty years ago.

SUZANNE the incomparable is to turn professional, and we are sorry. While her whole life has been devoted to tennis, with a rigorous absorption which suggests a professional career, it remains true that no one has seemed to exemplify the amateur spirit more truly than this volatile Frenchwoman who elected to exercise her Thespian talents upon the tennis courts and thereby earned the gratitude of a world which has all too few such vivid and arresting personalities in it. One hears a great deal nowadays about good sportsmanship as the hallmark of the amateur, about the desirability of wearing the Anglo-Saxon mask which conceals all emotion of pleasure in victory or chagrin in defeat. This argument has always seemed to us specious. Why should not the true amateur be elated when he does well, and downcast when his performance is not up to his own standard? Mlle. Lenglen, who sometimes goes to pieces when she finds she is losing a match, and openly exults when she gains a point, plays of course like a Latin; but also she plays like someone who is really interested in what she is doing. We doubt whether even the professionalism of her impending $200,000 American tour will be able to change this characteristic in her; and we should regret it if it did.

SIR FREDERICK WHYTE, a well known British journalist, issued a striking warning a few days ago at a session of the Williamstown Institute of Politics. He declared that twenty years ago it would have been possible to name at least a dozen British journalists who were of real importance in the affairs of the nation—men who commanded the respect of everyone, for their independence, honesty and intelligence. Today he could name only two such men—C. P. Scott of the Manchester Guardian and J. L. Garvin of the Observer—both, incidentally, men of the elder generation. What has brought about this change? In Sir Frederick's opinion, capitalistic control, and particularly the "mass capitalism" of the great newspaper trusts, each of which owns a number of papers. The argument is a familiar one and need not be repeated here. What was particularly interesting was Sir Frederick's prediction as to the future. He sees the press, for the reason given and for others, declining in importance as the creator of public opinion, and the radio taking its place. Already he thinks radio is playing an important part; and already it is in danger of coming under the control of special interests. This is a menace which he believes ought to be fought with the utmost energy.

THAT he is right, no careful observer of current conditions can deny. The more we learn about the radio, the greater do its potentialities in the field of disseminating news and other factual information seem to be. At the same time, the censorship which Sir Frederick fears is already in effect, and is of a highly efficient type. On the two sides of the Atlantic you may observe the two standard varieties in operation. In Great Britain, radio is a government monopoly, under control of a bureaucratic censorship, as stupid as these things always are. No "controversial matter" is allowed to be broadcast, a rule which invariably means that on questions of public interest the majority view is given expression and the minority is suppressed. Under this policy the prize asininity was the prohibition against George Bernard Shaw's speech at the dinner in honor of his seventieth birthday. In the United States radio is privately operated and the censorship is of a different variety, though equally effective. Those who are in a position to know maintain that for completeness and effectiveness, the control of the press is mere child's play compared to the control of the ether.

GENERAL regret for a misspent life is sharpened into acute realization of what one has missed, by a news item which comes to hand from the University Travel Association. It seems that a group of college students of journalism is about to put in a year of combined study and travel on board the S. S. Ryndam, which will take these aspirants for editorial chairs around the world. The trip will be a leisurely one, beginning in September and ending in May. Under the guidance of Henry J. Allen, late Governor of Kansas and a veteran newspaperman, these embryonic reporters will, like the pupils at Dotheboys' Hall, define local color and then go

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and get some—on the Great Wall of China, among the burning ghats of the Ganges, and in the shadow of the Sphinx. A delightful plan, with one reservation: devotees of journalism ought to be warned that their subsequent professional careers will seem one long anti-climax.—Or are we wrong in assuming that journalism students go into journalism, and do they nowadays all become fabulously wealthy press agents instead?

The Church or the State?

TO anyone who comes to the controversy between the Mexican government and the Catholic Church from the traditional assumptions of modern civilization, the issue seems clear and to take sides is easy. The church may be a necessary and harmless institution so long as it renounces temporal power and attends merely to the spiritual needs of its charges. If, however, it has a large economic stake in the community, if it presumes to take part in politics and even to controvert the dicta of the state, it is a public enemy and must be restricted to its proper function. For the state and the church should be separate and independent. The state is absolute sovereign in its realm. What that realm includes, in the area of human conduct, grows ever wider. The church can teach what it likes about the salvation of the soul and the next world, but it must keep its fingers off the government of this. These are the liberal assumptions which have become established since the sixteenth century.

Anyone who has studied history, however, especially if he has recently read Mr. R. H. Tawney's stimulating book on Religion and the Rise of Capitalism, may well hesitate to rest his partisanship precisely on these grounds. Are we really content to admit the supreme sovereignty of the state even when it strives to nullify our own scruples? Are we prepared to say that there is really, or should be, a complete separation between economic or political conduct and morals? Can we conceive the world as composed of two separate and independent realms, the one "temporal" and the other "spiritual"? This sounds altogether too much like the super-patriot who makes a religion of war, like the mill owner who objects that the churches are leaving their proper sphere when they investigate strikes or promulgate social creeds, like the economist who perceives a beneficent automatism in the operation of "economic law" unchecked by humanitarian controls. It is, in fact, a strictly modern conception, undreamed of before the rise of capitalism.

In the Middle Ages, to be sure, there was a much greater variety of religious doctrine than we are accustomed to think. But almost nobody dreamed for a moment that the religious authority was not properly concerned with conduct in this world, or that its concern with conduct stopped short of economic and political transactions. The church did not always rule the state, but the state rarely attempted to question the church's moral authority over ordinary conduct concerning which laws might be passed. The church did not conceive itself as having the radical mission of changing institutions —indeed it did not visualize social development at all—but it did attempt to limit and domesticate conduct within the framework of the existing order. The canon law attempted to banish usury, to define precisely what was and what was not a fair profit, to discipline relations among the classes. It had courts to judge and sentences to execute upon those who contraverted its rules. The attempt to create a moral world in all its aspects, the inclusion of all human conduct in the moral realm, seemed a necessary consequence of having any concern about the world at all, of seeing the world as a place of exercise for the spirit, in which it might be refined or debased.

Nor was this a peculiar attitude of the Catholic Church. The great Protestant reformers, while challenging the authority of the established institution, and repudiating its dogmas as interpreted for the laity by the clergy, relied largely on the same doctrines of economic and political behavior, and sometimes attempted—as in the case of Calvin and the American Puritans—to establish a theocracy in which the state should be merely an instrument of the church. The change toward the modern attitude of indifferentism, which condoned the prevalent standards of economic and political conduct whatever they might be, as of no concern to a spiritual institution, may be indirectly attributable to the Protestant denial of salvation by works rather than by faith, but it was a slow and subtle alteration not intended by those who revolted against the abuses of mediæval Catholicism.

We do not contend for a moment that the temporal history of the church in Mexico, any more than its history in other countries where political government has attempted to curb its power, has been salutary or even possible of continuity under changing social conditions. The church as landlord, the church as conservator of social or political institutions which may be to the advantage of the rich and powerful, is quite a different thing from the ideal church attempting to exert moral control in the material world. Attachment to temporal power may seduce and corrupt practice as opposed to teaching; and a changing civilization may break the moral injunctions laid upon it by those who have legislated for a static society. It was so in the Middle Ages and after. Though condemning the asking of interest for money loaned the church harbored many money lenders. Though outlawing those who demanded extortionate rents, religious bodies often proved severe landlords. And the economic morality of the Schoolmen never could have been strictly applied in a civilization changing from the feudal one of preponderant agriculture, domes-

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tic handicraft, and village economy to world trade and specialization of labor. So in Mexico now, which is attempting to break away from feudal conditions, to distribute land to peasants, to protect the rights of laborers as capitalism grows, the effort of the church to conserve the institutions under which it has grown powerful has brought down upon it a reaction which, if defeated in the form of the Calles government is bound to reappear in other forms until the church adjusts itself to the new conditions.

Before we can safely trust temporal power to a moral authority we must be much more certain of the sources and integrity of the moral authority than we are of those now residing in any existing religious organization. It is well that the police power of the state cannot be used, in any developed civilization, to execute the will of the clergy. Room must be left for experiment, for individual variation. But at the same time there is urgent need for revision of the assumption with which many of us have been brought up—that the economic world is a self-justifying, automatic machine entirely apart from concerns having to do with the chief end of man, or that the political state must be absolute and all-embracing. Institutions, their rights and privileges should be judged not according to whether they belong to the separate realms of the secular or the religious, the temporal or the spiritual, but according to whether they are severally contributing to the whole needs of man as judged by the most earnest use of his powers of discovery and discrimination.

The Gasoline Gypsies

THESE are the days when upon the highways of our United States may be seen an unusual and interesting spectacle which did not exist until a few years ago. Let the observer, taking his life in his hands, venture close to the edge of the double stream of traffic. Amid the unending procession of those automobiles which are only a short distance from home and contain persons who are out merely for a few minutes or a few hours of business or pleasure, he will discern many examples of a different type. These cars are less well cared for, they are in fact battered, dusty, and sometimes unpainted. They proceed as a rule at a somewhat slower pace, having learned that it's dogged that does it. The running-boards on both sides are piled high with well worn, dust-covered baggage and camp equipment—so high indeed that the passengers sometimes are forced to make their entrances and exits not in the conventional way through the doors, but by the system of scramble-up-and-fall-over. These passengers are themselves likely to be battered and dirty. They wear old clothes, both sexes indiscriminately employing as habiliments knickers or overalls. Their faces are tanned. They are, in short, gasoline gypsies, automobile nomads, the newest and oddest product of our machine age. It is by no means impossible that they may be the portent of significant changes in our civilization.

No one knows how many of these automobile tourists there are, but their number undoubtedly runs into millions. Few of our 20,000,000 motor cars are not used for long-distance travel at one time or another, and many of them are devoted to little else. So many persons now take their vacations in this manner that summer resorts of the old-fashioned type have been seriously affected, while a whole industry has grown up (or been revived) of roadside merchants and innkeepers catering to the needs of the new itinerants.

The scope of this roadside business, however, has disappointed the high expectations once held for it. The typical long-distance tourist spends surprisingly little, except for the all-important gasoline, oil, tires and repairs to the car. He wears outing clothes which last a long time; he soon becomes a wary and infrequent purchaser even of his favorite souvenirs and picture postcards. It is reliably stated that one may tour the United States, in a not-too-expensive car, with comfort and even some luxury, for less money than it costs to live an equal length of time in the average commuting suburb outside one of our big cities. Cities which once fought to have main highways come through their principal business streets now strive earnestly to keep them away. They claim that the travelers' purchases are not worth the trouble and expense of the traffic congestion they bring with them.

The gasoline gypsies are of course of all classes, and drive every sort of car from the huge imported limousine, complete with chauffeur and maid, to the tenth-hand flivver, bought for $50 or assembled from odds and ends found in the vacant lot next to the garage. The type most frequently encountered on the roads, however, is the happy mean. His car cost, say, a thousand dollars. He himself has a few thousand dollars in the bank. He is traveling for pleasure, but is not averse to doing a little business as well, if chance should throw some in his way. He is accompanied by his wife and family, which varies all the way from babes in arms to the almost-full-grown son or daughter, contemptuous of father's driving and inclined to be somewhat scornful of the whole enterprise.

Distance covered is the ruling passion of the motor peripatetics. Almost reverently they show one another their speedometer registers of trip mileage indicating that they have done 800, 1,000 or 6,000 miles since leaving home. Many of them are also statistical wizards who know just how many miles they have obtained from each gallon of gas or quart of oil, keeping the figures in little red leather memorandum books, which are stored invariably in the upper lefthand vest pocket. In many cases, the passion for coaxing economical service out of the car seems to dominate all others;

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only the vaguest ideas are entertained of cities or even states lately visited, save in relation to the life history of the motor. Tulsa becomes "the place where we got the extra good gas and did so well"; Spokane is remembered by the expensive piston ring trouble experienced there. One town is very like another in America; how is any good motor gypsy to tell them apart except by the blow-out in Niles, the foul spark plug at Schenectady?

There is a subdivision of the automobile tourist which deserves special mention—the tramp-on-wheels. A considerable population of mendicants now exists which has abandoned brakebeams in favor of traveling from town to town in its own motors. They are accompanied, not infrequently, by a wife and a child, whose relationship may be real or just a stage property. They always have a carefully-planned story to tell—they are deserving mechanics on their way to San Diego or Tucson, where a good job awaits them. In the last town but one, they met hard luck in the shape of illness or accident. Now they ask a little assistance—food, or money for gasoline, or both. Many a householder who has learned to steel his heart against the pleas of the old-fashioned hobo is thrown off his guard by sight of the car, with its implication of a settled place in the social order, and helps the "mechanic" on his way. The use of cars by those who make a business of mendicancy of this sort has become so widespread that several cities have followed the lead of Denver and publicly warned their citizens to exchange aid only for a little honest work at the woodpile, or to refer the "family" to the local charity organizations.

There are, to be sure, many cases where nomads are genuinely in want and deserving of assistance. Honest men as well as panhandlers elect to travel on tires, and are likely to meet with adversity along the way. Many others who would never dream of begging, start out, inadequately financed, to cross the country working their way as they go by doing odd jobs. Favorite objectives of all these groups are California and Florida (though tales of hard times in the latter state may have lessened the migration somewhat of late). California, finding herself overrun by persons in these classes, has lately been moved to complain of their quantity, and to consider whether it is not possible to keep them out.

A few of the best-financed of the motor gypsies stay in hotels at night; and the hardiest make their beds under the stars, but the most usual device is to seek one of the automobile camps which have sprung up in great numbers throughout the country, but particularly in the West, in recent years. In these camps for a small sum you may have a tent, and cooking and washing facilities. In some cases they are municipal enterprises, but more of them are privately owned. Some of the municipal camps are so attractive that tourists show a disposition to linger in them overlong, and make necessary a rule that no car be kept there more than three or four days at a time. Thereafter the visitor must move on, even if it be only to the next town, from which he returns a day later.

He is not likely, however, to return. The wanderlust is strong upon these travelers. They cover vast distances, often in short periods of time. A friendship may be struck up between occupants of two cars in Atlanta, renewed in Peoria, continued at West Yellowstone or along the Columbia Highway. Many a romance begins in the auto camps, is continued in twenty towns from Keokuk to Needles, and culminates in marriage and the inevitable honeymoon, a tour of a few thousand miles in the bridegroom's car. There are children who grow up spending more days on the road than they do in houses. The state of Oregon is so concerned over the future of these little wanderers that it has actually made the experiment of putting a school in an auto camp, and requiring every child whose parents visit longer than three days to turn their offspring over to the teacher for the inculcation of what must, one would think, be the most episodic education in the world.

The development of the new motor caravaners is but a part, of course, of the increased mobility of the American people for which Mr. Ford and his confrères are responsible. We are restless today as never before: is it the cause, or the result, of our incessant use of new means of locomotion? We play more than our ancestors did, and the automobile is now an integral part of the process. It is doubtful whether the Florida boom, or the similar phenomena in other parts of the country, would have reached their great proportions were it not for the new attitude of mind of which the long-distance motorist is such an excellent exemplar. This latter day mobility is having all sorts of consequences: it is breaking down parochialism, it is creating a population which nowhere puts its roots down very deep, it is standardizing sections of the country which once had a flavor of their own. The hot-dog stands and filling stations of Dixie are indistinguishable from those of Cape Cod or the San Joaquin. You may like it or you may not, but the process will go on. The country is on wheels, and on wheels it will remain.

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Prohibition: The Failure of Enforcement

PROHIBITION enforcement is a failure. The great one-year test under the leadership of Brigadier-General Lincoln C. Andrews has been utterly unable to dry up the country. The curse of politics which has crippled the enforcement service from the beginning still hangs over it. Congress has refused to grant necessary legislation. Prohibitionist organizations have shown themselves more concerned to create good jobs for their leaders than to see the country dried up. The administration has been insincere. General Andrews, disappointed and disheartened, intends to quit his office as soon as he returns from the trip abroad which, while ostensibly designed to secure the coöperation of foreign governments in discouraging the smuggler, is really intended to postpone the public announcement that he is quitting—if possible, until after the elections.

Such is the situation one year after the beginning of the Great Drive which was to bring about the dry millennium. And as prohibition grows more remote as a reality, it becomes steadily more serious as a political issue. Despite the frenzied efforts of both Democratic and Republican leaders to avoid it, it seems more and more likely to become an outstanding issue of the 1928 campaign.

A year ago when General Andrews's hopes were highest, Jim Watson made a cynical prediction which has turned out to be wholly correct. Said he: "You can't take prohibition out of politics." He was right. Yet there was a moment when it seemed reasonable to believe that with Andrews on the job he might be proven wrong. Andrews had been drafted to give the country "real prohibition," and his record justified the assumption that he generally gets what he goes after. A West Pointer, a cavalryman of long service, head of the military police in the A. E. F. and a New York City business man with a successful record as an organizer, he seemed to possess the personal qualifications for the Augean task. He entered office with a definite philosophy and program. It was to drive both politicians and reformers from their places of power and put federal prohibition enforcement upon an honest, efficient, sane and intelligent basis. He publicly proclaimed that unless he saw a chance of successful enforcement within a year he would resign.

General Andrews succeeded pudgy Roy A. Haynes, a Harding appointee and small town editor from Ohio, whose régime had been almost completely dominated by the politicians and the Anti-Saloon League as far as appointments, policies and enforcement methods were concerned. Glowing proclamations of the desirability and success of prohibition, emanating almost daily from Mr. Haynes's office, were his chief contributions to enforcement of the Volstead act.

Mr. Haynes spent most of his time in the pulpit and on the Chautauqua circuit, extolling the principle of prohibition to audiences which tearfully and sometimes prayerfully agreed with him. As he turned his office over to his hard-boiled successor, he was principally engaged in thinking up snappy slogans for a $50,000 advertising campaign designed to cajole and frighten America into strict obedience to the dry laws.

"Bunk" was Andrews's comment on Mr. Haynes's activities, and he would have fired Haynes on the spot had not the administration and the Anti-Saloon League objected. What would the reform element say if their perspiring hero was made a martyr? What would the strongly organized body of professional drys headed by Wayne B. Wheeler say—more important, what would they do? Such a move would have jeopardized the Andrews administration at the start with the very people to whom prohibition was a sacred trust. The dry chief was so informed by Frank B. Willis, Anti-Saloon League Senator from Ohio. It was also suggested in other quarters that such a step would be unwise and inexpedient. So Haynes was retained, though shorn of all power. Andrews defeat number one.

Mr. Haynes is a symbol—of a year's failure at enforcing prohibition in the manner proposed by Andrews. Just as the administration was afraid to let Haynes go, so it has forced General Andrews to abandon his attempt to break the Anti-Saloon League's grip on the government. Experience has taught that wherever you find the Anti-Saloon League, there you find politics, dominating and devastating. That, at least, has been the experience of the past year. And now Haynes is being mentioned as a possible successor to Andrews.

In even more vital matters the administration has forced its drafted dry chief to compromise and trim and forsake his ambitious program until self-respect forces him to resign. It was to be expected that the attempt to take prohibition out of politics and subject it to a real trial would encounter stiff opposition from the small fry of politicians and patronage hunters. But it was also reasonable to expect that the administration, in view of its pronunciamentos when it conscripted General Andrews, would side with him as against the politicians and the Wayne B. Wheeler group. As a matter of demonstrable fact and experience, the administration has pursued just the opposite course:

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it has not hesitated to subordinate honest and courageous enforcement to political considerations when expediency and partisan needs demanded it.

It has been the Senators, Representatives and political leaders from dry territory who have caused the most trouble. Hardly had General Andrews announced his plan to decentralize the dry forces through creation of twenty-two separate and autonomous districts before the gathering storm broke. In rushed C. Bascom Slemp, former secretary to Presidents Coolidge and Harding, to insist that Virginia should not be linked in one district with North Carolina. In rushed "Charlie" Curtis of Kansas, Republican leader of the Senate, to present his claims for consideration, not only with regard to district lines but also concerning the appointment of an administrator for his state. In rushed Jim Watson with certain ideas which he smoothly "suggested" might be helpful. In rushed David H. Blair, who occupies the dual rôle of Internal Revenue Commissioner and Republican boss of North Carolina, to assert himself. A doughty knight of the political arena who had survived many a stubborn tilt with other officials, Mr. Blair informed General Andrews that under existing law they two enjoyed almost equal authority in handling prohibition questions. General Andrews, to his amazement, discovered this to be so. Without the general knowledge of the public Mr. Blair enjoys an equal voice with General Andrews in making appointments, framing policies, allotting funds and managing the dry army. Of the twenty-two administrators eventually chosen only two were appointed by Andrews alone; the rest were the result of consultations with the politically-minded Mr. Blair, and there is not a more astute politician in the whole Republican party. With the North Carolinian's entrance all hope of non-political enforcement of prohibition may be said to have vanished.

Expediency and political considerations ruled from the start—even in the apportionment of the battleground upon which the government would fight the bootleggers. Natural boundaries based on the channels of transportation used by the bootlegging gentry, which had been kept in mind in the original outline, were forgotten. The delicate hierarchy of political leadership could not be disturbed by linking Virginia, where Bascom Slemp reigns supreme, with North Carolina, where Mr. Blair presumes to dictate appointments. To deprive either gentleman of such patronage as the appointment of a prohibition administrator, his aids and agents, would never, never, never do.

At this moment, Big Business proceeds to enter the scene. A growing belief that flouting of one law might lead to the breakdown of others sheltering property had enlisted some of the nation's captains of industry and financial leaders including such figures as Elbert H. Gary, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and S. S. Kresge, in the prohibition campaign. Through a Committee of One Thousand this group pledged undying support to General Andrews, reiterating it at a widely advertised White House breakfast. They promised to provide the government with $50,000 executives at salaries of $5,000 a year. It was a brilliant plan, but it never happened. After several conferences at which General Andrews tried to induce the committee's representatives to "talk turkey," he gave up in disgust. From this highly touted recruiting campaign there emerged only one man as the business world's gift to government— and he turned out to be something of a Greek gift. He was Frederick C. Baird, manager of the Gary railroad connecting the mills and mines of the United States Steel Corporation. He was assigned to Pittsburgh, receiving about $3,000 a year from the government and $12,000 a year from the Gary interests.

And here we come to another symbol epitomizing the havoc politics has wrought with the only sincere and energetic effort to enforce prohibition the nation has witnessed—Pennsylvania politics. Though confined to Mr. Mellon's state it is quite typical of the administration's general attitude.

It seems that Mr. Baird was rather high-handed in his methods of enforcement. He inaugurated an espionage system which stirred the community; he distributed thousands of postcards with the request that the citizenry forward details of their neighbors' and their bootleggers' outlawry. He used private funds—the source of the donation has never been made public—to employ an under-cover squad, to purchase motorcycles, uniforms and evidence. Naturally, he enraged the Pennsylvania bosses who were on the eve of the state's bitterest primary and could not be bothered with enforcement. Mr. Baird was both too strenuous and serious.

As recognition of his excellent work, Mr. Baird was promoted and given charge of the whole state about a fortnight before the primary date. He seemed elated and announced that he intended to devote his life to the cause of enforcement. Then—without warning—he resigned. Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and the rest of the state became wetter than the seven seas; it was said that every saloon displaying a Pepper-for-Senator placard could be depended on to have and sell real beer, which had been Baird's pet aversion. But Baird was gone.

What was the reason? Simply that the Pepper people wanted the state made wide open to offset the fact that their candidate was campaigning as a dry. Baird was in the way; so Baird was removed. The railroad officials served notice on Baird that if he wished to keep his job with them, he must quit the government service. Judge Gary owns this road and Senator Reed's father is president.

As an illuminating commentary on the twenty-one other administrators, most of them political appointees, it may be said that General Andrews considered Baird his best and most valuable field lieutenant. Several of the rest have resigned, express-

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ing their disgust at conditions and their belief that prohibition is not being enforced honestly. Corruption among the rank and file continues and will continue as long as a $10,000 bribe is balanced against a weekly pay check ranging from $30 to $45. Corruption has not stopped at the water's edge; the Coast Guard's noble traditions have become but a memory. Yet the politicians killed the proposal to place dry agents under Civil Service, and the Anti-Saloon League, by its indifference, acquiesced.

By now politics was firmly in the saddle, and the race was almost run, with Andrews losing. When he admitted before a Senate committee that legalizing a palatable beer would aid enforcement, the Anti-Saloon League threw off its mask of seeming friendliness toward the dry chief and demanded his resignation. As if to emphasize their resentment against Andrews's heresy, the League's executive committee called a meeting to decide whether it would declare for Gov. Gifford Pinchot as against Senator Pepper. Secretary Mellon tore his hair lest the statement on beer by his dry chief should throw the prohibitionists into the Pinchot camp. Heroic measures were needed to pacify the League, and they were forthcoming. "Uncle Andy" is a resourceful individual on occasion.

Obviously under dictation by Mellon, General Andrews issued a formal statement explaining that he had not meant to advocate any weakening of the Volstead act. But this did not placate the enraged drys and Mr. Mellon did not rest. Proposals to strengthen the dry laws were hurriedly whipped into shape, despite probable unconstitutionality. From hurried conferences at the Treasury and White House there was born that famous order signed by President Coolidge which drafted all state, municipal and county officers as federal officials charged with enforcement of the federal dry laws. That, evidently, did the trick, as it was undoubtedly expected it would. It was not at first made public for the 117,000,000 people whose daily comings and goings it would affect; but there is reason to believe it was peddled among Anti-Saloon League leaders as evidence that the administration was keeping the faith.

At any rate, the League did not send reinforcements to Governor Pinchot, as he had a right to expect because of his unswerving adherence to the dry cause. The drys remained neutral and by so doing strengthened Pepper's chances of victory. The order at last became public only because a Treasury subordinate, ignorant of the facts behind it, handed it to a newspaper correspondent on a day when General Andrews was out of town. It was never made effective and it was rescinded shortly afterward.

The incident's chief importance, beside revealing the administration's attitude toward prohibition and politics, lies in the fact that it restored the Anti-Saloon League to power. The White House latchkey again hangs where Mr. Wheeler may grasp it whenever he chooses.

General Andrews, unfortunately, accepted in all seriousness the drastic dry bills Secretary Mellon had rushed into the beer breach. Even more necessary for proper enforcement, in Andrews's opinion, was his reorganization measure creating a separate prohibition bureau under his exclusive supervision and divesting Commissioner Blair of all authority. Andrews informed administration leaders and dry champions in both Senate and House that he must have this change if he was to make good his promises of a year ago. He let both Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge know that he would feel compelled to resign if his hand were not upheld through the new legislation. Senate leaders told Mr. Coolidge the bill could pass if he would exert himself on its behalf. Thus the question of backing his enforcement officer as against the politicians and the extreme reform group was placed squarely on the White House doorstep. Mr. Coolidge did not utter a peep and the bills failed to pass. The professional drys, who are usually able to get what they want from Congress, maintained a singular silence.

So General Andrews resigned, as he had threatened to do, only to have Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon, in fear and trembling of the political reverberation, beg him to remain—until after the fall elections. And then the administration despatched the disgusted dry tsar on perhaps the strangest, most insincere and ludicrous errand ever wished on an American official. They sent him to England to ask that John Bull give a helping hand to Uncle Sam in his earnest effort to enforce the dry laws!

DONN THOMAS.

The Future of the Franc

THERE have been three truths which it has been found unpatriotic hitherto to admit within France—leaving to foreign critics an artificial monopoly of wisdom. Two of these are now officially accepted, and possibly even the third is knocking at the door of the Chamber.

The first truth is that the franc will never recover its old parity and must be devalued. The second truth is that the new value of the franc must be fixed, not at the end, but at an early stage, of the scheme of financial reform. The third truth—the one which is still officially disreputable—is that the Bank of France's gold is the appropriate resource for supporting the franc at its new value.

The experts' report has been spun out of cotton wool and is not meant to be clear. Nevertheless, it has succeeded in bringing to the front the essential problem of the French Treasury. Granted that the franc is to be pegged somewhere between its present internal and external values, wherein does the difficulty lie? It does not lie in the volume of the notes. Even on the criterion of internal value, and still more on the criterion of external value, the volume of notes in issue is not particularly ex-

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cessive. It does not lie in the inadequacy of the gold reserve. The Bank of France holds £139,000,000 in gold, which at the present rate of exchange represents more than 50 percent of the note issue. The difficulty lies in the menace of the floating debt. The fear is that, if the franc is pegged, the holders of the floating debt will demand repayment and will then, directly or indirectly, spend or invest the proceeds abroad, taking advantage of the facilities to exchange francs into foreign money at a fixed rate of exchange. The political controversy in France seems chiefly to range round the problem how to ward off this danger.

In my opinion the danger is greatly overestimated. If the franc is pegged the holders of the floating debt will be less, and not more, anxious than at present, to remit their funds abroad. When the profits of an ever-depreciating exchange cease to exist, the pressure on the part of holders of franc-money claims to change these into foreign-money claims will be diminished not increased. Nevertheless, the contingency must be faced, because otherwise the public will not feel the necessary confidence that the new value of the franc will be maintained. No modern country, which uses, as we all do, paper money and bankers' money, can maintain the value of this money against a general belief in the minds of the public that its value is going to fall.

What devices for warding off the menace of the floating debt are the various parties in the French Chamber putting forward? I hear of three—the forced consolidation of this debt, which is M. Tardieu's plan; the capital levy, which is M. Blum's plan; the foreign loan with the Bank of France's gold in the second line of defense, which is the plan of the experts and of M. Caillaux.

The forced consolidation of the debt would undoubtedly be effective in removing this particular menace. But the arguments against it impress me. These are that a measure of semi-repudiation is hardly the way to restore confidence, and that it throws the whole of the sacrifice still required on a particular category of wealth which has already been hard hit by depreciation, whilst those citizens who have created the present trouble by their action in remitting their investments out of the country will escape entirely. There is also the strong objection of principle against an overt and deliberate breach by the state of a specific contract.

M. Blum's capital levy would be less technically effective, because months and even years would pass by before its proceeds could be collected. In principle I am not opposed to a capital levy. But it is not the appropriate remedy for the present crisis.

The arguments against M. Caillaux's foreign loan are that it presumes a settlement of the inter-allied debts in a hurry, possibly on more onerous terms than might be obtainable later on, and that it is distasteful and burdensome for France to incur obligations to foreign lenders. I sympathize with these objections. I believe, indeed, that a foreign loan is unnecessary—but on one condition, namely, that the Bank of France is ready to use its gold. In the most favorable circumstances the foreign loan will not exceed the experts' estimate of £40,000,000. This sum could be taken from the Bank's gold as a special masse de manœuvre and still leave £100,000,000 intact against the notes. This is the right solution for those Frenchmen who find a foreign loan distasteful. But if it be true that public opinion is implacably hostile to this, and would consider it a sign of weakness, then in my judgment M. Caillaux's program is the next best alternative. Therefore, whilst I should sympathize both with M. Tardieu's aversion to a foreign loan and with M. Blum's affection for a capital levy, I should vote with M. Caillaux, hoping with some confidence that the mere display of the loan would be enough, and that France would be in a position to discharge it at an early date.

Mr. Churchill's recent debt settlement with M. Caillaux shows that at least one of France's war-time creditors is not in a mood to take advantage of her present difficulties, but rather to stretch concessions to help her. Those of us who believe that the total cancelation of the inter-allied debts should have been a cardinal point of the proceedings of the Paris Conference in 1919, and that M. Clemenceau and M. Klotz and M. Tardieu made a disastrous mistake in grasping at phantom milliards from Germany instead of getting rid of real burdens from the shoulders of France, are bound to welcome the developments of these latter days. But France, like the rest of us, must expect to pay some price for rearing up a race of politicians who have neither aptitude nor inclination to understand the economic facts of the modern world.

There remains the question of the budget. Here also I think that M. Caillaux is right. In their demands for new revenue or new economies the experts appear unduly austere. In some articles which I wrote six months ago I argued that a higher internal price level was inevitable, and that the effect of this in diminishing the real burden of the national debt would come to the rescue of the Treasury in the long run. To critics of my supposed advocacy of la vie chère, I replied that I was offering not advice but prophecy, and that there was nothing wrong in taking advantage of the inevitable. The internal price level has been rising rapidly since I wrote, and the process of adjustment is not yet complete. I would now reëmphasize a corollary to my former prophecy. If the franc is stabilized somewhere between 160 and 170 to the £ sterling, internal prices are bound to rise much beyond their present level. In due course this rise of prices may require an increased note issue. It is important to face this possibility beforehand, lest otherwise a belated alarm is provoked by the inevitable consequences of the inevitable.

London. J. M. KEYNES.

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What Do We Believe?

IN 1922 a layman's committee of one of the larger conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church circularized 10,000 college-trained scientists in an effort to discover how much the Methodists would need to modify their Articles of Faith in order to retain their grip on young men who have received scientific training. Under the caption What Do We Believe they asked each of the ten thousand to

> Imagine . . . you are appointed . . . to draft for a model colony of graduates of colleges and universities from all parts of the country, who have been members of different churches and denominations, a statement of faith and practice which shall . . . be the only test of membership in the United Church of the community. You are asked to put into it the essentials of your own personal faith. The hour has now come for you to submit your "Creed," and you read aloud as follows . . .

Unfortunately this invitation was accompanied by a letter which said that "of course" a worthwhile civilization must be built upon "reliance upon the unseen"; and that the complete life must contain more than the merely materialistic. It was further made evident that the Committee was interested only in the "creeds" of persons able and willing to qualify as mystic and Christian.

I

I undertook to prepare a statement as requested, and soon found it a formidable task. God, Trinity, Immortality, Heaven, Hell, Evil Spirit, Divine Inspiration, Immaculate Conception, Miracle-working Ministry, Vicarious Atonement, Resurrection, Ascension, Second Coming, Guided Church—on each of these it is easy enough for a man to state what he believes, but this was to be "the only test of membership," to be prescribed for others! To write what I believe was only to write down what I had been taught and had thus far not thought about, plus a very small portion of that which I had thought over. But what should I say the other fellow *must* believe in order to get into this model church? Such a statement must be defensible in the light of reason.

Furthermore this was to be a "statement of faith *and practice*" for a group of college graduates from all parts of the country. Presumably these people have thought somewhat for themselves, and have lived quite differently in the different sections of the country. Such an ethics must be simple.

Finally, coming from various older churches, most of these colonists would probably already have pretty definite ideals of faith and practice which they have considered essential. If this "Creed" omits commonly accepted material, some explanation should be made.

Before my statement was finished the Committee had been discharged without having made any report. Very few replies had been received, and most of those were evasive. The few serious replies were ignored by the Committee, apparently because of the completeness with which they departed from all current creeds. Most of those replying asked that their names be not divulged.

A year later Prof. R. A. Millikan, physicist, published A Scientist Confesses His Faith as an attempt to prove that "there is no conflict between science and religion." Asserting that "the definition of religion is in essence that embodied in the teachings of Jesus," he goes on to assert that there is no conflict between Science and Christianity because: (1) St. Augustine urged tolerance toward the scientists; (2) John Wesley was an evolutionist; (3) Some present-day religious leaders assert that there is no conflict; (4) Several great scientists were devoutly religious; (5) Science and Religion have separate tasks; (6) Science and Religion each developed from crude beginnings; (7) "Everyone who reflects at all believes in one way or another in God"; (8) Science supports religion (i. e., Christianity) in developing the conception of a good God; (9) The willingness of men to die for their women or for a cause is proof of their belief in "a world scheme."

Throughout the argument, Doctor Millikan introduces sweeping generalizations as "facts." It is, he says, "obvious fact . . . that there can be no conflict"; and "obvious fact . . . that both science and religion have reached their present status through a process of development from the crudest beginnings." A glance at his published works in his own field of physics shows that Doctor Millikan knows better than this. That he stooped to such practice in this case is probably evidence that he was writing, not as a scientist seeking truth for the emancipation of the minds of men, but as an apologist, seeking to purchase peace for the scientists at the cheapest possible price.

II

The price is so cheap that it is too dear. One is almost convinced that Doctor Millikan himself must be an exception to his general conclusion that "men believe in a world scheme." Should not any one portion of that scheme be accorded the same care in analysis as any other? But this cheap price has been availed of eagerly by many scientists. There has been among them very little frank consideration of essentials. Seeking a truce with the orthodox theologies or an easy escape from the embarrassment of scientifically testing their own neglected beliefs, the scientists as a group seem to have accepted

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Doctors Millikan and Osborn and the Committee of Forty as their spokesmen in a series of pronunciamentos in which the scientific method of reasoning from elemental fact toward conclusion is little used; "God" is presupposed without hint of difficulty or possible question; "Christ" is used as synonymous with Jesus; "Christianity" and "Religion" are treated as synonyms. Even during the Scopes trial there was no constructive statement of the scientists' position. Those who then rushed into print eagerly sought to convince the populace that there were no conflicts by cynically ignoring the plain conflicts that exist between recent scientific findings and the orthodox Christian theology (the real problem at issue), and diverting the popular mind to fields in which as yet no controversies need exist.

Quite recently a prominent scientist who is professor in an important state university, a pillar in his church, and an outstanding figure and leader in his state, read my "statement of faith and practice" prepared for the Methodists and wrote:

> In general I agree with the conclusions as reasonable and undeniable, but humanity is not yet ripe for their general advocacy. Advanced thought is very unsettling to the minds of many people. And unsettled people who are also prejudiced are dangerous.

Is this not exactly in the spirit of suppression of truth which dominated the Middle Ages? Could anything more precisely express the spirit of deception for peace which has dominated most of the recent utterances of those who have spoken for a timid and reputable science?

Some time ago the New Republic published an editorial, The Scientist Bends the Knee, which deplored the recent tendency of scientists of rank and prestige to treasure that rank and prestige too dearly to permit of any risks in the challenging of intrenched authority or the testing of old truths. This editorial carries a stinging rebuke for any scientist who treasures the scientific spirit of free inquiry and yet maintains silence while others degrade his science with insincere, evasive, apologetics. No scientist has replied. It is, therefore, time for me to submit my "Creed" and "read aloud as follows":

III

We are all educated men, that is, men who have been so *led out* from our narrownesses, our prejudices, our ignorances and our hatreds, that we each can face squarely all the facts, with all the implications of those facts, in any situation, with confidence that both we and the situation will be bettered by our having done so. As educated men we believe:

That all substantial advance in thought, civilization and religion, has been won by the application of *scientific method* to the solution of the problems there presented, and we believe that the general impression to the contrary is solely due to the fact that not until within the past two centuries was this term (Scientific Method) coined and applied to all those branches of philosophy theretofore classified as Physics or Natural Philosophy.

That the scientific method consists in the collection of all possible data (or "facts"); classification of the data; and analysis and explanation of the material thus assembled, to secure short statements of causal relationships, which will (a), completely account for all observed phenomena, and (b), predict the future within the sphere of the subject matter studied.

That such a statement, when made, is called an *hypothesis,* and becomes the basis for further study and experimentation; that if over a considerable period an hypothesis proves useful in prediction and all new data fit into it without necessity of restatement or reconstruction, it is called a *theory;* that a theory which has stood the same test for a long period of constant study amid general advance, is called a *scientific truth,* or "scientific law."

That Truth therefore is historical, subject to progression and evolution: "All ideas of truth are false, that is to say contradictory and irrational, if one attaches to them an exclusive and absolute signification; all are verities, that is to say susceptible of realization and utilization, if one takes them in composition with others, or in evolution," * for the absolute does not exist in the realm of thought. The essence of the Spirit is movement.

That therefore, the hypotheses of one age are the theories of the next, the truths of the next, and (as expanding human knowledge brings in new data not explainable by them) the quaint rejected superstitions of the next. (Example: the Ptolemaic theory of the universe, unquestioned truth prior to the discoveries of Galileo, Copernicus and Columbus, and superseded thereafter.)

That the abandonment of a truth never throws mankind back again to the position or belief of the period when its hypothesis was formed, but occurs always and only through the enlargement of the available body of data for thought, which enlargement has made possible a broader, deeper, fuller, richer, or otherwise better conception.

That *facts,* as such, are empty and meaningless to the human mind, which concerns itself only with relationships between facts: a fact alone is worthless because useless and without signification to the mind in its effort to grasp the meaning, and forecast the tendency, of change; but facts *in series* with causal relationships established, become sure agencies for human progress.

That men in all ages have sought a First Cause behind these chains of phenomena, and from this search the conception *"God"* has emerged as an hypothesis and has held with but minor modifications through a long enough period to establish it as a

*Proudhon, Pierre-Joseph: La Philosophie du progrès et la doctrine de la justice, p. 22.

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Scientific Truth—bearing in mind the relative character of such a truth.

That since man can conceive of nothing that has not been in his own experience, he can conceive of God only after the order of an enlarged and glorified man—this is no indication, however, of the actual nature of God, who may equally well be of a type, material and nature of which man can have no conception whatever.

That the mere appearance of order in the cosmic universe is no proof of the existence of a God, nor even an indication of a God or a plan, since by the simple processes of collision and fusion any random distribution of matter in motion will soon take on the appearance of order and plan through the resultant elimination of impacts.

That since our conceptions of God are based upon our observation of His material universe; and all that we have learned of God we have learned through some form of sense impression of material vibration; and all our very process of conceiving Him is by material functioning of a material brain, which stops at the slightest material displacement of its smallest part; and even those who lay claim to direct personal experience with God (e. g., Isaiah) report His message delivered to their consciousnesses only through material channels, by material displacements of matter by vibrations susceptible of concrete measurement, the *First Principle* of the human life should be REVERENCE FOR ALL MATERIAL THINGS. The true lover and seeker after God is always a true Materialist. (Even though professing contempt for the term!)

That just as men when they seek God, can find Him only in His universe; so when they seek to serve Him, they find that they can serve Him only by serving His creatures—so the *Second Principle* of the human life should be SO TO CONDUCT THE INNER THOUGHT AND OUTER LIFE THAT EACH WILL EVER REACT TO THE BENEFIT AND IMPROVED WELL-BEING OF ALL FELLOW MEN.

That we can benefit or serve our fellow men only by changing something in the material universe in which they move—this change usually being (or involving) some change in the social organization.

That though all improvement comes through change, it does not follow that all suggested change means improvement. Care therefore needs to be taken in considering and deciding upon the probable merits of proposed changes. But the nature of man and his social organizations is such that those who have prospered most under an old system and are therefore the most unwilling to have it changed, are the most likely to occupy positions of respect, power and prestige from which to silence suggestion of change—especially since well established custom tends to find a moral sanction within the group, which moral sanction the proposed innovation, if it be desirable, must break down.

That there exists no sure way to determine, positively and in advance, either the probable truth of a new hypothesis, or the moral desirability of a new method or measure. Their probabilities must be determined by the normal judgment of the great mass of mankind, which can arrive at matured judgment only through full and open discussion—so the *Third Principle* of the human life should be TOLERANCE.

Talk freely: for you may be wrong and in the dwindling of your audiences find it out; or you may be right, in which case your duty to God and man demands that you share your thought. Encourage your adversary to talk (and publish) freely: for if he be right, you and all men need him; if he be wrong, free discussion will show forth his error.

That since the very unity of the universe precludes (after recognition of that unity) the continued conception of a multiplicity of gods, the many religions of mankind which have recognized the principle of One God but with widely differing conceptions of His nature and purpose are properly to be regarded as one religion, searching the same God, but having found differing concepts of Him through influence of differing manifestations in His universe (their conceptions being products of their environmental conditions); and a differing conception of God should be met with welcome and studied with care. Probably of the conceptions, Allah, Jehovah, and the Great Spirit, it may be said that each was an advance over what had preceded it; each has strengths and beauties that the others lack, and none is yet complete.

That man's conception of God can become complete and unchanging, only when his knowledge of God's universe becomes complete and unchanging, since the former is necessarily derived from the latter. Therefore, religious statements should be couched in relative terms, held susceptible to change.

That the best example of the growing and changing conception of God, as well as one of the best proofs of the relative nature of Truth, is the Hebrew Testament, full of conflicts if read as an unchanging system of absolutes, but a record of progress if read in the light of the economic and social history of the times of its writing.

That the best example thus far of the life devoted to the search for God through service of fellow men is the life of Jesus of Nazareth: this life breathed tolerance, brotherly service, an active conception of dynamic change, a spirit and promise of evolutionary development, and a definite objective in the amelioration of the lot of the masses of men. The absence of adequate evidence of the actual historical existence of Jesus is unimportant: the life thus depicted as the ideal life of man, and finding approval of thinking men of all climes and ages since its first description, would still be helpful and inspiring if it should be proven to have been purely an attempt of early religious teachers to impart religious and ethical ideals through allegory.

That the histories of that life, being of uncertain

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origin and for the most part written long after his death, are not to be taken literally but in the spirit of the life that Jesus may reasonably be believed to have led, and that this life and ministry placed works before beliefs, service before profession, spirit before dogma.

That the churches established by Jesus's favorite disciples, among the peoples of Jesus's own race and language, were later stamped out by the Churches established by the most unstable and eccentric (Peter) and the least familiar (Paul) of all the apostles, in foreign lands under foreign tongues and foreign philosophers; and much influenced by pagan formalisms, creeds and traditions, in Greece, Alexandria and Rome; so that as they are now organized, we cannot rely upon the Christian Churches as to their fidelity to Jesus in spirit, creed, methods, philosophy, or intent. We must seek these by applying Jesus's example to our conditions.

That as God reveals Himself and His will in this universe, it appears always in the form of those regularities which we, in describing, couch in statements of Scientific Law, or Truth; that He works through the inevitable operation of these laws, by gradual processes; that the sole virtue of prayer is therefore to be found in its reflex action in strengthening and comforting the mind of the prayer-maker by the operation of laws now well understood by psychologists since William James (laws God-established, be it remembered, so the reflex "answer" is truly God's answer). The effect of the prayer being thus beneficial, prayer in the sense of attempted communion with God is to be commended.

That since in all times men have tended to adhere to written creeds or constitutions after their principles are superseded, formal creeds, "articles of faith," "discipline," all are to be avoided save as they may be stated in brief, general and definitely evolutionary terms for inspirational purposes, and probably even this is undesirable. It is noteworthy that Jesus, able to read, and probably able to write, and certainly having ample opportunity and apparent incentive to leave a formulated statement, never did so, but confined himself to inspirational, dynamic, verbal preaching, leaving nothing in fixed form to bind future generations.

That of all ancient superstitions and supernatural beliefs, the only considerable one which has been retained without supporting evidence of the scientific kind is the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, with its corollaries, the doctrines of a world of the Spirit and of eternal states of being, conditioned upon (or determined by) our performance in this world. This is the one supernatural belief which a large, self-interested and frequently predatory clergy has had a direct incentive to keep alive, and is also the one most easily and deeply implanted in the subconsciousness of small children before they reach the age from which they can remember, so that it ever after seems to be so much a part of their very being that they can not bear to face its removal. Yet Jesus's entire treatment of this subject seems to imply that he regarded it as figurative: and among the great succession of philosophers, Pagan and Christian, who have specifically studied that problem, only two appear to have treated it as real. Moreover it injects a note of illogical caprice into a universe and realm of Law, since it involves either *infinite* differences of future state as rewards and punishments for finite differences of performance in this life; or else the assumption of a plan and intent that some shall fare better than others without desert on their part or personal blame on the others' part. Of this belief Jesus says "The Kingdom of God *is within you.*"

That there have been throughout the ages enough of predatory interests vitally concerned in the task of centring men's minds on "the next world" as a means of holding them patient under exploitation in this one, more than to account for the survival, without support of further evidence, of this dogma, and that probably he who does not find God in this world is likely to find Him nowhere: while he who does not find Heaven in this life is likely to find it never. On this question our attitude must for the present remain an unknowing one, there being no evidence pointing conclusively in either direction, though recent careful scientific analyses by psychological laboratory method, of what is usually termed "the Will" and of what is usually termed "the Soul" all point in the general direction of an ultimate conclusion that these are both social phenomena, completely accountable for under known laws of this universe.

That no statements either of truths or of facts in the Bible are safely to be taken literally and as infallible authority today—not only because of the relative character of all truth, but because (regardless of origin) all those records have passed through so many copyings, losses and replacements from memory, translations and annotations and interlinear and intralinear explanations and comments in ages when quotation marks, footnotes, margins and marginal notes, and editorial duty to authors' originals were alike unknown or undeveloped, that they are not now reliable either as statements of truth or as sources of factual data, except as we weigh them in the light of the times in which they were written and the truths of today.

That a general religious statement for a group should not contain articles of *faith,* since faith is, must be and should be, individual to every man; not susceptible to prescription upon others; and only by the accident of similar previous environment, conceivable by others. The sanctity of individual faith should be preserved under our Third Principle of Life above (Tolerance), which principle guarantees a reasonable uniformity of faith from age to age, without prescription, and subject to growth and development, as is all else in God's universe.

JOHN H. SHERMAN.

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Does the American Baby Need a School?

RARELY is an accepted educational policy in one English-speaking country the subject of ignorance or amused indifference in another. "School for babies," despite successful experiments here, is still little more than a witticism to the popular mind in America. Yet in Great Britain the education of the baby of two years is officially recognized as a legitimate public charge and a desirable public function. Eight years ago, under the Fisher act, Parliament authorized the nursery school, for children between the ages of two and five, as part of the national education system.*

This divergence between Great Britain and the United States of course reflects differing philosophies both as to the nature of education itself and the state's responsibility to its potential citizens. The English nursery school seems ridiculous to the American primarily because he thinks of elementary education as the technical process of becoming literate—and this in face of the fact that he is accustomed to the kindergarten, which we do here provide for 11 percent of our five-year-old children. "It is easy to make merry," said Sir Auckland Geddes once to a group of Americans, "and to draw pictures of tiny tots with horn-rimmed spectacles toiling with great tomes, but the facts are otherwise. The purpose of the nursery school is not even to teach the three R's but by sleep, food and play provide the opportunity to lay foundations of health, habit and responsive personality." Sir Auckland Geddes did not know that such a purpose falls neither within the ordinary American conception of education nor of any category of the state's functions.

I

Nowhere in the United States, with two exceptions, does government recognize any active obligation, educational or otherwise, to unorphaned children between the ages of two and five, beyond certain elementary protections from disease, from industrial exploitation, and from extreme cruelty, if discovered. Except for the gentle advisory voices of the federal Children's Bureau and the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, we are tacitly committed to the principle of parental anarchy. Up to the age of two, through the admirable baby-health stations maintained by numerous city and state health departments, government helps to keep its future citizen alive and well—a service which incidentally is calculated to have lost the white casket industry 40,000 customers in a recent year. When he is five, government sometimes offers the child his first educational opportunity through the kindergarten. At the age of six, it recognizes its first mandatory obligation to him—that of making him literate. At this time it usually also reasserts its interest in his physical well-being. Yet, as Doctor Lewinski-Corwin noted in his analysis of the New York City Child Health Survey, mortality incidence shows the period between two and five to be nearly three times as important physically as the one between five and nine. "This age group also claims our particular attention," he says, "because it is the period of the formation of habits. There exists, however, no definite machinery for effective work with the pre-school child."

America can still afford to be profligate with her children as few European countries now can be. A depleted nation like England which must hoard its human assets more readily accepts the ancient Greek conception of education, where the state gives its time and treasure not alone to the literacy of its citizens but to their individual perfection, physical, emotional and intellectual. Once the state has accepted this responsibility, there is little controversy as to the time when it must begin. Centuries before vital statistics proved the physical importance of early childhood, its preëminence in mental development was recognized. The famous dictum of the Jesuits and the theory of Aristotle that this period should be devoted to the inculcation of sound habits and emotions harmonize with the statement of the modern psychologist that socially, emotionally, morally, and in the development of personality the amount of mental growth in the first sexennium of life exceeds anything which the child later achieves.*

This dual aim, the conservation of child health and the upbuilding of balanced, creative personality, the English nursery school explicitly follows. Sharply differentiated from the day nursery by government regulation, this new institution officially recognizes education as nurture, as developmental hygiene where "questions of physical and mental well-being are indissolubly connected." Nor is the technique of this nurture undefined. Twenty years' private experimentation with nursery schools in England has evolved a meticulous regimen, now set forth in the Board of Education regulations and successfully carried out in some twenty-five specially created nursery schools, numerous nursery classes in previously existing schools, and four state training colleges for nursery school teachers.

*Within the past few years the multiplication of nursery schools has been checked for reasons of economy.

*Dr. Arnold Gesell, in The Pre-School Child. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1923.

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First of all, physical conditions are adapted as perfectly as possible to the baby's needs. Sunshine, fresh air, plenty of space for play and gardens, are prerequisites of the nursery school location. All the equipment, stationary and movable, is children's size. The all-day program includes a mid-morning lunch, a hot midday dinner, and afternoon naps. There is frequent medical inspection, and daily health supervision, with records kept by a school nurse or the teacher herself, whose two years' training includes courses in child hygiene and three months in a children's hospital.

Moreover, "the baby is trained in good physical habits," says Miss Kathleen Edwards, a London teacher. "When he arrives about 9 A. M., he goes to his own peg (which he knows by a picture), takes off his outdoor clothes and changes into quiet slippers, dons an artistic overall, and taking his own mug and toothbrush, learns to clean his teeth. This he generally regards as a great game. He learns to perform all the details of his toilet himself. In short he becomes independent and takes great delight in it."

II

Conditions for mental development are no less carefully planned, with especial view to the growth of creative impulses and social relationships. Large building blocks, clay, beads, scissors, hammers and nails, blackboards and chalk, small brooms, spades and rakes, the sand-pile, and wagons to fill and empty—all these are tools at the baby's free disposal, so many invitations to constructive enterprise. "He is not instructed nor directed except when at a loss, destructive, or quite aimless. The function of the staff is to be quiet, watchful and ever ready." Music, rhythmic dancing, stories, pictures and games provide fruitful new experiences or interpretations of life. Not the least potent factor in producing emotional adjustment and joyous coöperation is the group itself, the community of the child's developmental peers.

Frankly the nursery school looks to the establishment of a new way of education extending beyond its own doors. "I assume in the start," writes Miss Margaret McMillan, most ardent of the English pioneers, "that the nursery school will, if successful, change and modify every other sort of school, influencing it powerfully from below. . . . It will make the heavy walls, the terrible gates, the hard playgrounds, the sunless classroom, look monstrous as they are. It will give teachers a chance. The arrival of thousands of beautiful and strong children will break down the gates. Through the awful and grim corridors the light of joy as well as youth shall pass."

One other larger hope the nursery school's apostles cherish—a hope growing up from its most excoriated offense. For they have found that far from impoverishing the home life by taking the baby out of it for six or seven hours a day, they have actually enriched it. They have brought into the home the joyous quickening sense of community interest in its most intimate concern. The baby is a more cherished possession; for is his development not the joint pride of the home and the school? The baby himself, says Miss Edwards, "is healthy and happy and looks forward to the joyful, intimate end of the day when he can tell his mother of all his experiences. She on her part, fresh and eager, with her work done more quickly," has an enlivened sense of responsibility toward him. "Mothers come to ask us if they are feeding the child correctly, whether the clothing is right, what is the proper hour for bedtime. They begin to wish that the children may come from school to brighter homes, and they even come in the evenings to learn nursery rhymes so that they may not fail the child when he sings to them and wants them to join in."

III

Already England has sent her missionaries to America. After her model our few private experiments are principally patterned, though sometimes with an enrichment of connotation. In the summer of 1922 Columbia University brought over Dr. Grace Owen to lecture and to initiate a model nursery school. That same year the Woman's Education Association founded one in Boston; and another started in Philadelphia. Meanwhile in Detroit the Merrill-Palmer School took up its abode in the golden walls that once framed Whistler's Peacock Room in the former Freer residence. Intimately relating itself, under the will of its endower, to the education of young women for motherhood, it took students in Home Economics from the Michigan Agricultural College to live in the building. The school serves them as demonstration and training centre in child psychology, child health and nutrition.

"Our little experiment with only thirty children is of slight importance," says one of the directors, "unless it demonstrates that the extension of the educational system downward to two years, upward to include all young women in the care and management of small children, and outward to furnish assistance to mothers in their immediate concrete problems is both desirable and practicable." In the hope of the ultimate extension of such education to the community, this school has from the start worked in close coöperation with both public and private schools in Detroit. It has had visitors from the entire country, and its practice has been made the basis of a course in child training in the continuation schools of New York state.

But we have in the United States one indigenous type of nursery school, that conducted by the Bureau of Educational Experiments in New York City, for children between the ages of eighteen months and three years. It differs from the Eng-

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lish type chiefly in its experimental attitude toward the most favorable factors for the baby's mental environment. Where the English practice regards these as already almost as accurately fixed as the proper physical regimen, this school employs a staff of experts to make elaborate physiological and psychological tests for their more accurate determination. One of its conclusions which is contrary to English usage lies in the better social and emotional results obtained by the strict segregation of the various age groups. The English, taking the family as model, have assumed that the whole group of children from two to five years old may be handled as a unit. American experiment has shown that development is greatly expedited by keeping two-year-olds, three-year-olds, and four-year-olds each in their separate groups.

Nor should the work of two governmental agencies be slightingly passed over. The United States Bureau of Education in recent bulletins has done the nursery school distinguished service by its descriptions of English practice and American experiments. Since 1921 also the Iowa Child Welfare Research Station has actually conducted a part-time nursery school, "a pre-school laboratory" for "the investigation of the best methods of conserving and developing the normal child," according to the provisions of the state law of 1917. More recent are the nursery schools used as demonstration centres by Yale, Vassar, Smith and other colleges. The past year too has seen a national nursery school conference, and the beginning of a national association to provide standards and coherence for the movement in this country.

IV

Mention of coöperative experiments initiated by groups of mothers, notably in Brooklyn and Cambridge, must complete the brief inventory of the status of the nursery school movement in the United States. Its expense and its extreme novelty may long prevent its wide adoption as a state policy. It would take a far-sighted legislature, like that of Iowa, to see that some at least of the cost might be saved to the state later on in its outlay for hospitals, jails, reformatories and institutions for the nervously deficient. Perhaps the most practical compromise thus far suggested is that of Doctor Gesell of Yale. "We need," he says, "a fearless, fundamental readjustment and extension of the American kindergarten to meet the elementary necessities of a program of continuous health supervision and developmental hygiene for the much neglected pre-school child. Such a readjustment would do least violence to our existing system of public education. It would revitalize the kindergarten; it would preserve the responsibilities of the home." Under this plan the kindergarten would assume "for short periods the care of children three years of age and younger" and should "judiciously take on the best features suggested by nursery schools—emphasis on physical care and cleanliness, provision for lunches, ample outdoor life, frequent outdoor excursions, liberally increased opportunity for free play, and finally for rest."

Meanwhile, it must be admitted, I think, that the nursery school idea, in however experimental a stage its application may be considered to be, is on many counts the most fundamental educational change proposed in half a century. Like colleges for women at that time, it contemplates the extension of educational opportunities to a class of persons heretofore deprived of them. It moreover proposes a totally new type of education in that it is the first institution to give practical recognition to the interrelation of physical and mental development. It conceives itself also as chief protagonist in the general struggle for a freer educational technique.

EUNICE FULLER BARNARD.

Old Prose for New

READING the sentences of Bunyan, Ben Jonson, South, Fuller, Donne, Traherne (in Sir Arthur Quiller Couch's admirable Oxford Book of English Prose, published by the Oxford University Press), I realize, suddenly, that nobody will ever write like this again, no matter how long their prose, and other prose as good, continues to be a standard and a model. Here is a language young, subtly vigorous, comprehensible—clearer indeed than a great deal of what we read today—and yet it is a dead language in the sense that there is no one now alive, nor is there likely ever to be anyone, who could use it steadily without evident artifice. For all that it is our language, having so much in common with what we speak and write, it is no longer our language, nor England's, any more than England's language is ours. Nothing can be done about it, and one would not choose to do anything if one could. There is no going back over that magnificent highway of English prose (along which Sir Arthur is so generous and capable a guide) to the men who wrote better English than any did before them, or have since.

To say that a particular period of English prose was the "best" asks for some definition, does great injustice to other periods, and raises the difficult question, Is not the prose of any one century the only possible and the "best" prose for that century? Even so, there was in the seventeenth century prose, a superiority, a great simplicity, a strength, an Englishness which, while admitting of rich and individual variations, was extraordinarily satisfying to both ear and mind. The ear found lovelier music, perhaps, before this time, and the mind more to think about after it, but for a few decades there reigned a combination of two qualities which makes one feel that these writers drew much of their strength from the language, while ever since it has been rather the language which drew strength from the writers. Behind these seventeenth century men was a common fountain of such vigor and freshness that even the not first rate among them were

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dignified by having drunk from it and possessed a style and a grand manner and an unconscious pride of speech. That fountain, one might easily argue, was as much a deep familiarity with the King James translation of the Bible as anything. It is nowadays the custom to deride this noble source, and all attempts to model a style upon it, as archaic, fustian, anachronistic. When we think of such byblows of the authorized version as the holy books of the Mormons and the innumerable sermons of a thousand American sects, there is much to be said for leaving the Bible alone as a standard for modern speech. The question here is one of taste and intelligence, which are always in the minority. For every man who, like Lincoln, intuitively absorbed from the Bible a pure simplicity and a stern grace to form the backbone of his own speech, there have been hundreds of dull little preachers, literal interpretation maniacs and unquenchable neo-sectarians to fasten upon the Bible's most obvious and least valuable tags, and feebly spice their diluted American with all the poor relations of "I say unto you" and "Yea, verily, verily." Considering the phenomenal knowledge of the Bible, the yards of it learned by heart, the pointed quoting of texts which used to be, and diminishingly still are, the boast of ever so many religious Americans, the Bible has left surprisingly little trace on the language we read and hear about us now. Probably the answer lies in the growth of newspapers—but that is another story.

"If it were not for the Bible and Common Prayer Book in the Vulgar Tongue" (to quote from Dean Swift), "we should hardly be able to understand anything that was written among us an hundred years ago; which is certainly true: for those books, being perpetually read in churches, have proved a kind of standard for language, especially to the common people. And I doubt whether the alterations since introduced have added much to the beauty or strength of the English tongue, though they have taken off a great deal from that Simplicity which is one of the greatest perfections in any language." Swift speaks, and we still speak, as if the Bible sprang from the gifted heads of certain unremembered scholars in the year 1611. Of course there was a standard used in the translation that later itself became a standard. Very likely Swift knew all about it; equally likely that some record of the making of the authorized version exists—I for one would be grateful to learn what and where it is. We could learn ever so many revealing things about speech and its changes, its translation from spoken to written word, if we could find out who the translators were, what sort of English they severally wrote, how they spoke it, how they learned it and from whom, and above all, where, in the making of their translation, they set the boundary between unwritten and literary speech, as these were known to them. Aside from local dialects, they must have been familiar with a common speech which, though they did not use it in their own conversation, was the ultimate source of their own words and ways of using them. Between their own more refined speech and their written improvement upon it there was surely some difference again, probably a smaller gap than there was in the case of later writers.

To take the easier instance of one man, did Bunyan speak as he wrote, and if he did not, how great was the difference? There is nothing that might be called literary in his prose; very likely it was nearer the speech of his times than we can imagine. Consider for a moment that immortal passage, which frequent quotation seems powerless to hackney:

> Then, said he, I am going to my Fathers, and *though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now* I do not repent me of all the Trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My Sword, I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it.

Bunyan would probably have been surprised, and not altogether pleased, to have been told that he was an inimitable master of English prose. Would his contemporaries also have been surprised at our admiration; did not enough of them talk enough like him for his verbal beauties to have passed unnoticed beside his spiritual exaltation? Yet we must not separate the two; in this passage, as elsewhere, they are one, and neither exists without the other. We might ask instead, how some of his less extraordinary passages struck those who were brought up in the same tradition of speech. There are few things, words particularly, which cannot be dimmed by repetition, and we forget how frequent in speech were probably many of the words and phrases which in print seem to us inimitable treasures. Familiarity dulls, just as unfamiliarity brightens. A few centuries from now posterity may unearth in our shallow ocean of words pearls we never saw at all. Into the prose of two or three hundred years ago we read some beauties which were never intended, for the background of contemporary speech and use are lost to us, and that is the only true setting for what is written and handed on. The farther back one goes, the truer this seems to be. No little of the charm of Chaucer consists in the mystery of lost connotations; when we get to John Trevisa (1326-1402), it is no longer a question of connotation, but of mere meaning—here gay archaic misspellings are a large part of our pleasure; Latin is clothed in the pathos of distance; something completely unintelligible, like a Spanish ballad, rouses excitement often undeceived by knowledge.

Our own language, written and spoken, while it may be dear to us for its quirks, associations, its constant renewal under our eye, is so familiar that we naturally think it the worst, and are sure that both English and American prose are at their lowest ebb. For once, this is probably true. We can blame the increase of literacy for the decrease in quality of English, since language owes more to the ear than to the eye, and easy reading and much to read sharpens the eye at the expense of the ear. Lastly, few things (as, thank God, no one would have said in 1650, but few mind saying now), few things militate against good speech more than the newspaper, that huge reservoir irrigating the country with hasty, slovenly, standardized, boiler-plated rubber stamps.

All of which is grossly unscientific, for prose, like poetry, is only one branch of the language-habit, about which, as an incurable addict, I am incompetent to speak. It would

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be pleasant, and possibly useful, to endow some ardent but enlightened behaviorist for a year's work on the Oxford Book of Prose. Yet even the best behaviorist would be likely to make as much of John Donne's prose as Donne would have made of the other's behaviorism.

R. L.

Marine Views

The Colonel's Daughter

SHE is a plump little woman of forty-five or so, rosy-cheeked and rosy-eyed, soft spoken, a gentle cooing voice ready to cling. She is from Tennessee, and this flattering charm would long ago have swept her far from her spinster state were it not doubtless that there are plenty at home like her and much fairer to the eye. She is making her first tour abroad, Spain, France and Italy and England, with a side cut to Chillon where the famous prisoner was; and goes about the decks with guide books and history books and paper and fountain pen, busy all day making ready for this pilgrimage ahead. She herself longs for Spain and Italy, she tells me, though her sister at home wrote her in a steamer letter that she'd never speak to her again if she did not spend her time at the shrines of our English culture, Macaulay and Shakespeare and Doctor Johnson and Tennyson and the other great dead.

But she has been writing her sister. She said to her, yes, but what of Schiller and his lyric genius? Indeed you could not take from her the brave pungency of Heine, or the noble tenderness of Goethe. Nor will I ever forget, she had said, the conversations I have heard between the Don Quixote of Cervantes and his faithful Sancho, and last of all my heart's darlings, Montaigne, Rabelais and Voltaire. There was, too, Michelangelo, the greatest of them all, for was he not sculptor, painter and poet; who does not know his sonnets? That was what she had written her sister.

Certainly that was round enough. No silver tongue in Latin Spain or Italy could pass this oratory of the Southland, this daughter in whom the last waves of the gallant old tradition survived. A colonel's daughter undoubtedly. I can hear him now in those long halls and faded rooms bringing up his daughter as she should go and expatiating with reverent sonority on these just high stars in the firmament of culture.

From the ship bar as the little chubby traveler rounds off the piece her sister will receive, come the voices of the young ladies who are having cocktails there and cigarettes on their way to Paris; and I ask myself which of the two schools of culture, they or this little lady, will most enjoy their trip to Europe.

Mortification

He looks like a sort of vague acolyte grown confused and muddled from marriage, maturity and baked beans. His eyes seem vague and hungry; his mouth is weak and almost sweet, despite the pinch of it and the taut muscles that a determination to possess character and will have drawn upon it; it is like a soft fruit dried in a press and washed in weak vinegar. He sits to himself a great deal, rather strained and shyly eager, on deck or in the smoking-room, and looks on at the promenades and the games.

He was graduated very young from college, he tells me, came home and settled on his father's farm in Vermont, and married almost at once. His father in time had died and left the farm to him and he had done well with it. But it was a monotonous life and confining, and a person got into a rut. He had been a long time up on the farm and this spring he seemed rather restless and had decided to take a trip and see the world for a change. He had heard of a great many places over in Europe where you could see life.

The fact is, he says, the main reason, he supposes, why he had come on this trip was because he had begun to love someone he ought not to love, and had thought if he could travel he might get over it. And already now he was almost all right, or it seemed so at least on the ship.

He says then, "I'd like a nice place where people act with abandonment."

Stars at Sea

The lady singer is the third on the program of the ship concert for that ancient charity of the sailors' wives and children. Her throat tightens, her upper lip shows her eye-teeth when she sings. She is dainty, but definitely round, a kind of stuffed petite if you like, and is dressed all in light blue silk like a Watteau shepherdess. She sings "Love is gladness, love is madness."

There is a smile, a bow, a storm of applause. This time, she tells us, holding up her forefinger, she will sing Gossip.

Dainty Dandelion, bold fellow with cloak of gold, is the bumblebee, she sings. He kissed the shy rose, Rose was kissed by the bumblebee, tra la la. Rose is a hussy, they said; Rose hung her head for shame; they knew he would never come again. Then a buzzing was heard, they were wrong, tra la la.

A pale young man with red lips and a lisp, and a thin stuck voice that he has been stretching, as he calls it, from time to time on deck all afternoon, sings a piece called What the Navy Did for Me; which, considering this particular young man, seems to be a matter of some mirth to various persons in the audience; they chuckle unduly at the sight of him. His encore is Lighthouse Tom, sung bravely, and we listen with loyal attention.

On my left sits a Londoner, pretentious and a little soiled, who has described himself to me as a typical city man. He has been spending his vacation of three months at Miami and is on his way home. On my other side is a gentleman we call the Senator, a Harvard man, formerly the head of a fashionable boys' school in New England, but now an authority on Oriental rugs and starting for the East to study. He is somewhat high-blown and noble, and when he talks appears to be chewing.

The singer gets through his song with a kind of bleat, in a different register and quite dramatic and surprising.

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The Senator claps his hand on the City Man's knee and says,

"Mark me, man, that man has a voice. I know, I sing myself."

Divorced Lady

This burning lady of operatic proportions is just from Mexico, where she has been getting a divorce. You go down on the Pullman, get the divorce and take the next train back to New York, she says, while her black eyes pierce you to the marrow. Her first husband she divorced for excessive cruelty. She could not divorce the second on the same grounds, that would be vulgar. It is bad enough to have used, *used* is her word, the same girl twice as one of her bridesmaids, especially as she is one of those athletic types that look too awful in lace frocks. So she got her second divorce on the grounds of unfit to live with.

She considers jazz vulgar and the Charleston very vulgar.

She has a daughter of sixteen, and when the blond young man from Yale comes along by on his walks, she stops him and starts a conversation between him and her daughter. Then she gives him a gentle poke between the shoulders and says, "Now go along and tell her about life."

The daughter has what is called a line. She introduces herself to any man she wants to know by going up to him and saying, "Oh, I know you, Mr. Byrne, isn't that your name?"

Sometimes she will lift her little foot and kick a man, she says. Don't you think that's fine? she asks, little girls always kick men. In the games on deck and at cards she takes advantage of this little girl business and cheats.

Stark Young.

CORRESPONDENCE

Brains in Religion

SIR: I thought that Mr. Nixon's article on Religion was very fine. And because it was unhackneyed in treatment and reached an unaccustomed audience, I believe that it will appeal to many thoughtful people, who would not think of listening to a sermon.

For some time I have felt that an alliance between freethinkers and the liberal churches would work to the advantage of both. But at present it does not seem to me that the "sprite of free inquiry" dare show his head inside the church doors!

Providence, R. I. Henrietta R. Palmer.

The Sincere Dry

SIR: If you will permit me a few words in reply to Mr. Evans's comment on my protest against your article on Pepper and Prophecy, I would like to point out that my protest was against the charge, in that article, that the clergymen who asked Pinchot to withdraw acted insincerely, and on a pretext. It was and is my contention that any journal which desires to keep the discussion of political affairs on a high plane should avoid such charges, for they are impossible to prove and impossible to disprove. My letter was devoted to showing how it was possible for sincere men to take the stand they did. Of course they may have been mistaken in their ideas as to what it was best to do. Anyone is entitled to consider them inconsistent, but insincerity is another matter.

Mr. Evans's statement that "Pinchot had a right to expect the support of every dry voter in the state" is no doubt what the Governor and his friends thought and think. But he had no such right. Just because a man has been an earnest "dry" Governor gives him no right whatever to demand the support of every friend of Prohibition in any campaign for any office to which he may aspire. The statement assumes that a dry voter must always vote for the driest candidate and disregard all other considerations, or stand convicted of insincerity or some equally serious moral delinquency. It is a mischievous and unjustifiable assumption. Things do not and never will work out that way. . . .

I very much doubt if Mr. Evans is correct in his statement that "the Reed investigation disclosed the fact that Wayne B. Wheeler of the Anti-Saloon League urged Pennsylvania drys to support Pepper." I heard nothing of it, and I know that the state leaders of the League refused to make any recommendations as between Pinchot and Pepper. They did support Fisher for Governor, because he was dry, and the other candidates were wet. In my letter I expressed the opinion that the nomination of Fisher was the only crumb of comfort friends of good government could get from the result. Mr. Evans thinks the crumb of comfort is a lemon! I hope no one will charge him with insincerity.

F. C. Hartshorne.

Phoenixville, Pa.

Who is the Flapper's Father?

SIR: In the New Republic of July 28 Eunice Fuller Barnard has written an interesting article on G. B. S.: The Father of the Flapper. It is so diverting that to find fault with it would seem gratuitous, but her declarations that Bernard Shaw "has created the manners of our age," "destroyed Victorianism," and "created the flapper" imply such a common error that they should not go unquestioned.

Literary critics are prone to explain a type of culture as caused by a single factor, and Mrs. Fuller has come forth with that kind of an explanation. To her Shaw and the flapper present a perfect case of post hoc, ergo propter hoc; she lays it down with something approaching inspired finality. ". . . date the change and again you find Shaw." Well, what of it? Why not substitute the vast army of scenario writers who have probably never read Shaw enough to be influenced by him? Then there are such trifles as the relaxation of parental authority under the stress of the industrial system, new educational theories expounded in school and press, the popular presentation of comparative cultures in newspapers and magazines, the enticing accounts of the demimondaine and the "emancipated woman" in French literature, and the decay of religion. It is certainly an open question how much any book changes the manners of an age, and, if social science has done anything, it has demonstrated the complexity of factors which bring about large changes. The great man is not to be discounted too much, but he is only one of the impinging forces which change manners.

R. Clyde White.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Elmer Will Be Back

SIR: Where is Elmer Durkin? If you don't know, please give us his address when last heard from. Life is not the same without him, nor is the New Republic, even with the little court jester T. R. B., bless 'im.

We'd like to know Keith (Senior and Junior) better, also. We thought we'd written it ourselves up to a point.

Yours for Elmer and the younger generation.

Charles Frederic and Mary Morse.

Dublin, N. H.

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The Sinning Saint

Dostoevsky, by André Gide; with an introduction by Arnold Bennett. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 211 pages. $2.50.

Dostoevsky Portrayed by his Wife: the Diary and Reminiscences of Mme. Dostoevsky; translated and edited by S. S. Koteliansky. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 272 pages. $4.25.

As a traveler in a land of mountains sees, with each receding step, appear above the nearest peak a loftier yet, screened hitherto by the surrounding heights, some eager spirits herald perchance the rise of Dostoyevsky behind Tolstoy's giant figure."

M. André Gide is the eager spirit who prefaces a series of addresses delivered in 1922 to an audience at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier in this fashion; and one need not share this conviction to welcome his criticism. To see Dostoyevsky through the eyes of this distinguished French critic is not merely to approach him by an oblique path which connects him with Rousseau: it is also to witness a change in the mood of the French mind. Until recently it was Turgenev, the polished disciple of Flaubert, and not prolific, neutrally colored Dostoyevsky, driving through his novels like the veriest hack, who was welcome to French taste. M. Gide does not merely appreciate the turgid depths of Dostoyevsky; he turns on these depths the mystic illumination of William Blake. It is like a double sunrise, filling both the East and the West; and I cannot help thinking that it is a portent.

"You are prepared," says M. Gide, in discussing Dostoyevsky's correspondence, "to find a superman: you lay hold on a fellow-mortal, sick, poor, toiling without respite, and strangely lacking in that pseudo-quality he himself criticized so strongly in the French—eloquence." These qualities are not infirmities by which Dostoyevsky's work shines in contrast; just the opposite, they are the foundations of his novels; it is out of his epilepsy, his irrationality, his frightful temptations, his vices, that his great characters are built.

In Myshkin and Rogozhin, in Alyosha and Smerdiakov, Dostoyevsky presents the contrasting phases of his own temperament and experience, transposed into living characters with a destiny of their own. Dostoyevsky's inescapable defects are what make somewhat pathetic Mme. Dostoyevsky's reminiscences. She, "a girl of the sixties," independent, a student of the "new" art of stenography, became his secretary at a moment when he was desperately finishing The Gamblers in time to escape a forfeit imposed by an unscrupulous publisher. When a little later she married him, and began jotting down the daily notes from which Mr. Koteliansky selected the first part of the present volume, she discovered she had married a man who was obsessed with the notion of lifting himself out of debt through the proceeds of roulette!

When Dostoyevsky might have been writing, to fulfill his agreement with his publisher, he was in fact at the Casino in Baden, putting ten louis d'or on Zero, going back broke and getting more money from his wife; begging for loans from his wife's mother or from the novelist Goncharov, pawning his wife's wedding ring and the very clothes from her back, and returning for a few more vestiges of clothing to take to the broker's—to lose the few francs thus obtained on the same day. Presently, his wife is with child and distressed for thought of the future; still Dostoyevsky goes on gambling. When he has a winning streak, he buys her flowers and smoked fish; when the wheel goes against him, he picks a fight with his neighbor, who has crowded too near him and spoiled his luck, he insults Turgenev, he reproaches his wife, he weeps, swears, howls, becomes jealous, threatens to go away. Here is a fellow-mortal indeed; and when he becomes conscious of his disparities and conflicts, he has internal access to materials from which the meticulous Turgenev turns away his well bred nose. Dostoyevsky dredges into the depths of the human soul, where others angle with hook and line: it is no wonder he brings up mud, cuttlefish, sunken gold, vestiges of wrecks, almost everything but the edible creatures one is accustomed to recognize as fit for the human stomach. In his capacity for dredging lies Dostoyevsky's genius. He discovers the unconscious, and systematically overcomes the censor, long before Doctor Freud uses these names to describe functions of the human mind. To see in the "irrationality" of Dostoyevsky the unexpected face of every life is the first step toward understanding his work.

When Strakhov, Dostoyevsky's life-long friend, and his colleague on the Vremya in the sixties, had finished writing his memoir on the novelist, he wrote a letter to Tolstoy, published only in 1913, in which he naïvely gave expression to his disgust. This man with his exalted Christianity and his mystical notion of human brotherhood had become to Strakhov, on intimate reflection, something of a monster: "he was spiteful, envious, lewd, and all his life he spent in such agitation as would have made him pitiable, and would have made him ridiculous, if he had not at the same time been so spiteful, and so wise." Dostoyevsky's widow, who was in every way his helpmate, and who devoted her life till 1918 in the collection and editing of every bit of material that bore on the man and his work, was frightfully upset by this letter of Strakhov's; and she published a defense which is given, along with Strakhov's letter, in this volume. Alas! It is no defense at all. There is no getting beyond Mme. Dostoyevsky's own contemporary evidence. The creature she paints, with that agitated love which discloses and covers in the same breath, is, apart from any question of lewdness, the one who became so repugnant to his friend. That Strakhov harbored a deep malice against Dostoyevsky and planned through this letter to wreck his memory from the grave, is such a childish suspicion that only the faithful affection of Mme. Dostoyevsky could muster it up. No: the fact is that Dostoyevsky the sinner is an essential ingredient of Dostoyevsky the saint; for it is the intelligent, prudent characters, as M. Gide points out, who go wrong in Dostoyevsky's novels, and it is the erring, the weak and the humble who, through it all, become illumined and beatified.

Like Nietzsche, his arch-antithesis, whom M. Gide happily keeps in mind throughout his study, Dostoyevsky accomplished a transvaluation of values; but it was the exact opposite of what Nietzsche sought.

> Nietzsche's superman (observe, pray, wherein he differs from the superman of Raskolnikov's or Kirillov's vision), though ruthlessness is his motto, is ruthless not to others but to himself. The humanity he aspires to outstrip is his own. In short: to one and the same problem, Nietzsche and Dostoyevsky propose different, radically opposed solutions. Nietzsche advocates the affirmation of personality—for him it is the one possible aim in life: Dostoyevsky postulates its surrender. Nietzsche presupposes the heights of achievement where Dostoyevsky prophesies utter ruin.

Love and hate, crime and virtue, generosity and jealousy, are not opposing forces in Dostoyevsky's world: they are

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rather indissolubly united parts of the same bottomless humanity; and they all exist in opposition to something quite different—the pride of intellectuality. On this subject, M. Gide's analysis is acute, and full of understanding. Myshkin and Rogozhin, keeping watch together over the dead body of Nastasya, whom both loved, became brothers through their conflict and hatred; that scene symbolizes the perpetual interplay of light and shadow, to create the portrait of a common humanity which is both deeply villainous and fine, in Dostoyevsky's novels. To come to God was not so much to lose the sense of sin, but to become humble, and lose the sense of having virtue. Knowledge, pride, station, the things that harden the soul and keep it aloof are the enemies of Dostoyevsky's religion; to see that all men are sinners is, paradoxically, to see that all men are good; and "he who teaches that all are good will end the world."

For Dostoyevsky to reach the depths of the tortured and divided soul he portrayed was enough to make him one of the giants of the nineteenth century—that century when only the sick souls were normal—Amiel, Van Gogh, Nietzsche, Ruskin, Dostoyevsky—and only the mad souls were sane. I am not sure that the genius which was erected on these foundations is a permanent one; for it is not far-fetched to look forward to a time when the struggles of a Stavrogin, potential though they will always be in the human breast, will seem as easily avoidable as small-pox or typhoid fever: perhaps men will again find in a more intense work and art and adventure a way to utilize their conflicting and incompatible desires, those desires which, turned inward, lead to every possible form of neurosis and disorder. M. Gide himself suggests the answer to the dilemma of both Nietzsche's and Dostoyevsky's superman: "the solution was sought and found unerringly in action and in the practice of the arts." With all the limitations of his time and his training, Dostoyevsky practiced this catharsis; he was neither Raskolnikov nor Stavrogin; he was an artist, and that was the path of his salvation. It is Levin, and not Stavrogin, who gives the human answer to Dostoyevsky's tortured question; and I am not sure, as time weathers these mountains of the nineteenth century, but that the granite peak of Tolstoy the artist—as distinct from the later moralizer—may not outwear them all.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

An Economist's Utopia

Social Control of Business, by John Maurice Clark. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 483 pages. $4.

OSTENSIBLY a textbook for courses in business administration, this is to me more interesting than most utopias. To be sure, it is harder reading; it requires more concentrated attention, more reflection. Yet like other utopias it is an earnest attempt to discover the best possible way of living together. What adds to the interest in this case is that "best possible" is limited by considerably less than a geologic age or a biological change in man.

For most writers of utopias are hopelessly amateur, and in addition let us say evangelical. They do not really know what exists, what they wish to change; the present order is to them more a system of concepts which very crudely if at all fits the realities than it is a bundle of closely examined and tested phenomena. And they do not bother much about the nature of the act of creation—they conceive it, or ignore it, as if it were the process described in Genesis—first you have an idea of what you want, then you say "let there be," and there is. Whereas, of course, creating as man experiences it is an arduous process: first of knowing in great thoroughness what is, and then of combining its elements anew in forms which if not exactly the desired ones are approximations toward them.

In this endeavor Mr. Clark has many advantages. He is a thoroughly trained economist who knows academic theory so well that he does not call forth the ready-made answers which are pulled out of their filing cabinets to confute the naïve reformer. But close studies of actual situations in the business world, such as railroads and other public utilities, accounting and capitalization, equip him to understand where and in what respects the commonly accepted theories do not apply. He is well acquainted, too, with impinging realms such as political science, constitutional law and psychology. There is little in his book that will be new to specialists in the various fields, but an extraordinarily wide range of sound information has been put together in such a way as to bear on the problem indicated by his title and furnish an excellent if not an indispensable starting point to all interested in promoting social change, in whatever direction.

First he recognizes that we are now living in the midst of an economic revolution which parallels and may have even a more profound effect than the historic "industrial revolution" of the early nineteenth century. "Private business is no longer private." Social controls of many kinds are growing up. Controls are both voluntary and involuntary; coercion lurks in many situations which the law recognizes under "freedom of contract." Liberty and restraint are complementary, neither means anything until we know what kind of restraints are imposed upon what others by the liberties for some to do specified things. The state is not an absolute will, but a complex of forces, influenced strongly by minorities, limited by other forms of organization and by its own capacity. The individualism which we hear talked of today by conservatives is not the kind described by Adam Smith, and the social control opposed by individualists is not the mercantilist kind which he opposed, but largely the humanitarian kind which he said was always justified. "It is not a question whether our great-great-grandfathers were right or wrong; the thing they defended no longer exists. Individualism and control are both new, and the case for both needs to be completely restated."

This restatement follows, and a searching one it is. The case for control emerges victorious of course, with one important qualification—that we are not yet prepared to apply wise control in many cases. "Many common interests are left at the mercy of individualism in sheer default of any clear social judgment or effective social policy." Research, experiment, education to establish specific ends and means of control are the chief requirement.

One great difficulty is, naturally, that we must attempt to control, not merely individual human wills, but an alien race—the race of machines, which enslaves us while we think we are mastering it. "Not that machines refuse to gratify men's wishes: in fact, they rule largely by bribery. They make a species of bargain with men, in which they are perfectly willing to give them anything they may think they want, always provided that it is not inconsistent with the racial needs of the machines themselves. Human beings, be it noted, make no such reservation, for the very adequate reason that they do not know what their racial needs are, and for the further reason that even if they did know them, individuals could always be found willing to barter them away."

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It is necessary to inquire carefully into the purposes of control. We may say that the primary one is the development of a more desirable human type, but in that case it becomes incumbent upon us to find out what type is desirable. More immediately we may say that two of the first tasks are education—in the proper sense of the word—and developing possible agencies for a democratic social control other than the political state. Socialized organs of control may be developed from unions, coöperatives, employers' organizations, professional associations and the like. Other, more particularized and more controversial aims are summarized and discussed by Professor Clark under the heads of efficiency and abundance, liberty, equality of opportunity, equitable distribution of goods, leisure, security, the development of the individual and "progress." The task is, naturally, not merely to define these aims separately, but to reconcile them with each other. Three specific social purposes which seem fairly clear in their desirability are conservation of resources, abolition of war and limitation of population.

There follows a discerning examination of the instruments of control already in existence—first the state, which furnishes the legal framework of economic life, with its fundamental institutions, its fumbling attempt to apply ancient concepts to modern economic situations, and its extensions into ownership and actual administrative responsibility. Then "competition"—that elusive thing which assumes so many different aspects and is not so automatically beneficial as is sometimes supposed. Then the various standards and measurements which social science is developing to test the performance of the institutions we have. Then the informal controls exercised through professional, group and business "codes of ethics" of which the unwritten are often the most powerful.

It is natural that the most expert part of the book should be concerned with the subject in which Professor Clark has specialized—the regulation of public utilities. An entire review might be devoted to his extraordinarily clear presentation and his judgment of the issues involved in valuation, rate setting, efficiency in cost and service. This contribution is more valuable than many an entire book on the subject. He is far less thorough in his treatment of the "trust" problem, though he is enlightening so far as he goes.

With some statements in the book this reviewer would quarrel. I should not agree, for instance, that the gain in capital cost from public rather than private ownership of utilities would amount only to something less than 1 percent on the investment. It might, if Mr. Clark's own method of valuation were actually applied in finding the rate base, but how about the present situation, in which the capital cost to the public of privately owned utilities is inflated not merely by higher rates of return, but by continual write-ups of investment on the basis of reproduction cost, going value and what not? The lawyers ought to discuss his proposal for a general constitutional amendment to permit social legislation without interfering with the literal protection of liberties intended by the authors of the bill of rights. His judgment that our policy on combinations should not be changed from an endeavor to prevent monopoly ought to be subjected to critical analysis. How about the wastefulness of marginal competitors, and their effect in keeping prices up rather than down? But the important point is that in each such controversial issue he presents for consideration, not a series of sterile abstractions, but a realistic view capable of relevant discussion.

Needless to say, Mr. Clark is not a revolutionist in the common sense of the word. He believes in starting from what we have rather than from a sudden shift in power. But if any revolutionist should ignore such a study as this for that reason, he would be sadly limiting his education. For the problems which are discussed would be among the first to plague any dictator; they are in the main common to all conceivable social orders. And on the basis of the program presented in Mr. Clark's final imaginative chapter—If I Were Dictator—my vote goes to him rather than to Lenin or Mussolini. If he continues in this vein he is in fact much more likely to dictate the future than any temporal political boss, for he is arranging the new machinery of ideas which men will have to use in order really to alter their state of being.

GEORGE SOULE.

The Man Who Made the World Over

Today and Tomorrow, by Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 281 pages. $3.50.

ABOUT five years ago Mr. Crowther helped Henry Ford to write another book, My Life and Work. Today and Tomorrow is to a much greater extent technical, and in it discussion of large ideas seldom strays very far from the manufacturing of automobiles. There is no mention of the Peace Ship or of the Jewish International Bankers, and even the cow, who was formerly slated for extinction, is allowed to remain. Ford has learned caution, or caution has been forced upon him. In the main, Mr. Crowther is a faithful interpreter. In detail, of course, the book sounds like the voice of Henry Ford in but a few places. Mr. Crowther has ironed out Ford's characteristic abruptness, prejudice, inspiration, snap-judgment and intolerance into easily flowing chapters. Once in a while he is just a little too careful, so that to the edited Master's Voice are joined the overtones of the amanuensis. "Those who get headaches are trying to hold the world back," is a specimen of pure, 100-proof pre-war Ford, while "The Russian peasant young man has an almost romantic regard for farm machinery," is easily traceable to his collaborator.

"Back in the days when a million dollars was a large sum of money," Henry Ford had an idea—"a little idea in itself, an idea that anyone might have had, but which fell to me to develop." He would build a small automobile as cheaply and in as large quantities as possible. That was the One Great Idea, the conception of which and the undeviating passionate pursuit of which have made Henry Ford, who in nearly every other way lacks the qualities that mean greatness, a great man. Ford's whole experience is the domestication of this one idea, a wild one when he first sighted it; and his ideas about other things, money, farms, business, Europe, derive directly from that experience.

From chapters V and VI (It Can't Be Done, and Learning from Necessity), one begins to guess at the particular kind of thrill which repeated day after day, year after year, has led Henry Ford to be forever intolerant of failure, and monotony. One sees why he is intolerant of the expert—the embodiment of a notion which Ford hates beyond all others: It can't be done. "It is not easy," says

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Ford, "to get away from tradition. That is why all our new operations are always directed by men who have had no previous knowledge of the subject and therefore have not had a chance to get on really familiar terms with the impossible. . . . Our invariable reply to 'It can't be done' is, 'Go do it.'" Ford has done too many things which other people considered impossible for this answer to be dismissed as just one more of those helpful mottoes which successful captains of industry like to hang on their walls.

Henry Ford is not an inventor, nor a mechanical wizard. What he makes has never been new; it is his method of making it which is all his own. And even here the details are unoriginal. He readily admits as much: "The processes are well known—most of our processes are well known. It is the combination of processes that count." This principle, and its partner, the principle that Ford "never fails to make a change once it is demonstrated that the new way is better than the old," account for the greater part of his success, and have gradually pushed the Ford car to a point where, in its maker's words, it costs twenty cents a pound—"less than beefsteak."

But that point is not final. With Ford, no point is final. "If we reach a stage in production which seems remarkable as compared with what has gone before, then that is just a stage of production and nothing more." One would think that after all these years, with a business worth a billion dollars, and some fourteen million cars in the hands of the public, there would appear a well earned tendency to rest on the oars. Not at all: the demon of progress rages more feverishly than ever, and there is no process, no department, no machine or battery of machines that may not be torn up and thrown out tomorrow to make room for a new method which will save a few cents per part. Costs are carried out to four decimal places. Nothing is wasted. Old metal, old dust, old shavings, old oil, all are reworked into usable material. "Two men spend most of their time in repairing mop pails." "Stooping to the floor to pick up a tool or a part is not productive labor—therefore all material is delivered waist high." "Take the work to the man and not the man to the work." "We cannot use anything in our business which requires hand labor."

It is easy to see that men are subordinate to machines in Ford's opinion, and it is quite natural that his ideas on the subject of labor are simple and few. He has never had to worry about labor. Four out of every five jobs in the Ford factories can be learned by the greenhorn in a week or less, and only a few percent of them require more than a month's training. Since it takes three years, so I am told, to make a really good bricklayer, it is one of Ford's supreme achievements to "have arranged that nearly no skill need be used on any job." The machines that make them, like the cars themselves, are fool-proof. "After many years of experience we have failed to discover that repetitive work injures the workman. . . . If the men did not like the work, they would leave." "Once . . . the card index turned up a talented sculptor who was working on a drill press."

Ford's ideas about labor, which have the often unanswerable merit of working in his own case, are limited and sketchy in proportion to how much he has required good ideas on the subject—which is very little indeed. You cannot piece together his miscellaneous pronouncements into any consistent general theory. Much of what he believes is very canny; much else, if applied to an industry other than his own, would be unpractical. He has no use for craft divisions, for limitation of output, for employers who cannot pay good wages, for the workers' nervous exhaustion—"only to be found in books"—for labor unions, for labor leaders (they all want to talk politics). "The slack workman," he insists, "is a product of slack management." In the newly acquired Ford forests "we have our minimum wage scale, and instead of lumberjacks, we have sober, self-respecting citizens working for us." Sculptors and other self-respecting citizens seem to like jobs requiring nearly no skill. Otherwise they would leave, wouldn't they? In the Irish plant, at Cork, there was at first a little trouble because the Irish workmen did not like being forbidden to smoke. In 1913, when the Ford wage was increased from $2.40 to five dollars a day, it was necessary—although "we do not believe in paternalism"—to exercise "some supervision over the living of the men because so many of them, being foreign born, did not raise their standards of living in accord with their higher incomes." The Ford coal miners, on the contrary, did raise their standards: "their outlook has been broadened—in one camp alone some two hundred men now own automobiles." Ford knows well that "his own workers are among his best customers."

For years people all over the country have been saying that if Henry Ford were given the chance, he could set the whole U. S. A. to rights, and maybe the rest of the world, too. Ford's ideas about railroads, about banks, about wages, about electric power, above all his ideas about the farm, have helped to build up in the public mind the image of a wizard who could turn his hand to anything. But he isn't pushing any idea any faster than it can conveniently be worked in with the production of Ford cars. His mind is somehow tied to that one original idea born so many years ago. And also a curious change has been taking place inside him. He has, in a way of speaking, retired. He is feeding some part of himself which for years has remained dissatisfied. The other day he bought a cider press eighty years old.

Toward the end of an astonishing, a narrow, passionate, restless life, he is exploring a curious and attractive little backwater. Our ancestors are on his mind. The thought is his, even if the words are surely Mr. Crowther's: "They knew how to order some parts of their lives better than we do. They had much better taste; they knew more about beauty in the design of commonplace, everyday things." And so Ford finds the chief pleasure of his later years in collecting antiques, in buying two old inns, the Wayside and the Botsford, and remaking them into as faithful a copy as possible of what they used to be. "The old clock had not been running for many years. It was made in England in 1710, and many of the parts were badly worn. . . . We made new parts to replace the worn ones, but we saved all the old parts and have them in a case." (How many Ford owners can say as much?) For a long time, Ford has been collecting all kinds of Americana. The collection now covers several acres in one of the buildings at Dearborn. "One of these days the collection will have its own museum, and there we shall reproduce the life of the country in its every age." He has revived the old dances, and can be seen himself on the floor, in the schottische, the polka, the chorus jig, the gavotte, the quadrille, the ripple, the varsovienne, the minuet. In the new laboratory at Dearborn a corner has been partitioned off, large enough for a ball-room for seventy couples. The orchestra is composed of a violin, a sousaphone, a dulcimer and a cymbalum, especially imported from Budapest. "We are not, as has been imagined, conducting any kind of a crusade against modern dancing. We are merely dancing in the way that gives us the most pleasure."

ROBERT LITTELL.

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A Challenge to Windbags

The American Revolution Considered as a Social Movement, by J. Franklin Jameson. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 158 pages. $1.50.

THIS is a small but highly significant book by one of the first scholars of America. Its very title marks a milestone in the development of historical interpretation and the fact that it is written by a master of the older generation indicates the definitive close of the Bancroftian or romantic era. Those who have long been watching eagerly the flight of birds at the annual meetings of the American Historical Association, hoping for new signs, will be delighted to find Doctor Jameson saying with a certain air of impatience that the political and military history of the revolutionary age has been told over and over again and that the time has come to consider its "social aspects." It is clear that he is not interested in repeating the old stories with a few rhetorical embellishments.

With this by way of introduction, Doctor Jameson gets down to the meat of the matter in a chapter on The Status of Persons—a euphemistic title employed to cover the class arrangements of American society in the period and their relation to the revolutionary process. With engaging frankness, he represents the substance of the business to have been essentially economic. "Of all the deep underlying causes, which for a generation had been moving the American mind in the direction of independence, none was so potent, according to all the best testimony, as the parliamentary restrictions on the trade of the colonies." The line-up of forces was essentially economic. "Among farmers, many of the richest took the royalist side. Probably most of the Episcopalians did so, except in the South. Everywhere the debtor class was, as was natural, and has been true the world over, mainly on the side of the revolution. . . . Most lawyers were Whigs, but most of the eminent and of those enjoying the largest practice were Tories. . . . All things considered, it seems clear that in most states the strength of the revolutionary party lay most largely in the plain people as distinguished from the aristocracy . . . in the peasantry, substantial and energetic though poor, in the small farmers and frontiersmen." Such writing ought to put an end to the mythological school engaged in fighting fog-battles about metaphysical abstractions derived from the clouds.

Doctor Jameson's second chapter deals with the revolution and the land system and he minces no words in coming to grips with the substance of this business. "The doctrine which underlies the present lecture," he says, "is that political democracy came to the United States as a result of economic democracy, that this nation came to be marked by political institutions of a democratic type because it had, still earlier, come to be characterized in its economic life by democratic arrangements and practices." And in the determination of those arrangements, the abundance of cheap land was the prime factor. "Land hunger among the crowded inhabitants of western Europe was the chief impulse toward the colonization of the New World." After this proemial gesture, Doctor Jameson discusses the effect on the revolution of quit rents, royal restrictions, entails, primogeniture and the landed gentry. A brief but telling outline of the enormous confiscations carried out by the patriot fathers puts a number of things in a new light. The chapter is then closed by a section on the influence of the leveling movement on the suffrage and on the advance of the "peasant proprietors" into the West.

After the land comes another economic chapter: Industry and Commerce. Under this head Doctor Jameson speaks of the societies for the promotion of agriculture, the development of manufacturing, shipbuilding, internal trade, finance, maritime commerce, privateering, slavery and the China trade during the revolution. The grooms of the sacred cow will not thank him for his page on privateering. Nor will they be altogether pleased to read the epilogue on business enterprise under the Articles of Confederation which includes this sentence: "It should not surprise us that the pathway to the creation of a firmer union led through considerations of commercial regulations."

The fourth and last chapter deals with humane reforms, dueling, military sentiments, education, the churches and the doings of the religious sects. Here Doctor Jameson speaks with his wonted caution. He warns us against hasty attempts to connect thought and feeling with the external facts of life. He shows how much hard, preliminary work must be done before culture can be geared with economics and war, but he does not think the case altogether hopeless. On the contrary he points out the way to good working methods. For example, he ventures the fruitful suggestion that it was the anti-Calvinistic sects which grew rapidly in the revolutionary age, the sects which were inclined toward democratic equality rather than those which preached the election of the few. The business of tracing connections is hazardous. Doctor Jameson is deeply aware of it, but he concludes by telling us that no phase of civilization in America can be satisfactorily considered apart from the others.

A truly notable book, this is, carefully organized, cut with a diamond point to a finish, studded with novel illustrative materials, gleaming with new illumination, serenely engaging in style, and sparingly garnished with genial humor.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

On Human Follies

A Casual Commentary, by Rose Macaulay. New York: Boni and Liveright. 238 pages. $2.

A CASUAL COMMENTARY, which is a book of—are they to be called essays?—notations, rather—will probably prove less generally beguiling than the author's novels, although it is written with precisely the same intent. Stripped of the color and movement of fiction, these comments, always just and pungent, upon the follies of mankind, seem perhaps a little bare. Although they have a certain kinship with the brilliant essays of Virginia Woolf, they are much less rich in substance, much less distinguished in form. However, they have certain sturdy virtues of their own. They are unpretentious, almost homely. Miss Macaulay, straightforward even in her satire, is never to be detected self-consciously listening to the sound of her own voice. Her wit, acrid without malice is not the fruit of meditation, but her own native idiom. Her lively material is worth much more deliberation than she has given it. An essay need not of course be long or short or elaborate or plain or trivial or solemn. But at least it shouldn't give the impression of having been jotted down in a hurry. Many of these do give that impression. Miss Macaulay, with the notion of an essay in her head, snatches up the least important newspaper cliché, such

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phrase as "the sanctity of the home," and in ten minutes, one imagines, her disquisition is ready. Can it be that she has ever conducted a "column"? Her concern for her own work doesn't appear to extend beyond the dryly witty paragraph that she is writing. She doesn't always, to tell the truth, write as well as she can. She has seen through so many illusions, resisted so many insidious appeals. Does she feel that excellence in a work of art is bunk, too?

Intrepid in her range, the essayist speculates with delicious nonchalance as to what reasons may exist for going to evening parties. In the next breath, she is considering the many strangenesses of this spinning planet—"irresponsible, unwholesome ellipse." She looks behind a banal phrase or two and reveals our pitiful insistence on "thinking well of ourselves." In a few uncommonly striking phrases, she notes the singular attitude of mankind toward virtue—admiration without ardor, platonic affection. "A fancy, a barren flirtation, if you will . . . but still, there, for what it is worth, it is." She catalogues the persons to whom "problems" are attributed. Reviewers, for instance. With amiable concreteness she informs them:

> Family Life and Village Life are both rather sad, disagreeable subjects. The people who live in families and villages are seldom good or at all nice to one another. . . .
>
> Books about Love deal with a well worn subject in a new and moving way.

But it is the less original part of the book that parodies in this fashion the performances of the too-obliging persons who professionally supply information and advice. The titles of the always amusing essays suggest the method: On Living Life to the Full; Some Inquiries Into Thinking Alike Upon Religion. It is a weakness of the book, if one may be so captious as to point it out, that Miss Macaulay has neglected the principle that it isn't worth while to parody the second-rate.

O. H. D.

Americans in the Far East

An Immigrant in Japan, by Theodate Geoffrey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. 284 pages. $3.

Chinese Fantastics, by Thomas Steep. New York: The Century Company. 223 pages. $2.

THERE is nothing new about Japan or China in either of these books, but both are pleasant reading nevertheless. They convey something of the flavor of life in the Far East, more particularly the first. This is the unpretentious record of the experiences of an American woman who goes to Japan with her family, first shares the conventional and rather stupid life of the foreign colony in Yokohama and then is compelled to reside in a Japanese village, where she shares the life of the Japanese as they themselves live it. There she discovers Japan and, though unwittingly, what may be called a great truth.

Ideally the meeting of two races on common ground should lead to better understanding between the two. Unfortunately all experience is to the contrary. Nowhere will you learn less about the Japanese than from the foreigners in Yokohama or Kobe, about the Chinese than from the foreigners in Shanghai and Hong Kong, about the Egyptians than from the foreigners in Cairo. The inland American who never has left his native state knows nothing at ll about Japan. If he goes there he will know a great deal, and all of it will be wrong. Before, he will not have understood them, now he will misunderstand them, which is much worse. Before, he will have known nothing about their morals, for instance. Now he will know that al. Japanese men are dishonest, all Japanese women sexually immoral—in fact, he will know everything that "all Japanese" are. It is assumed that he is not the one in a hundred who goes out of the conventional ruts of the foreign colony and does not take all his facts and opinions about the Japanese from other foreigners who also have never gone out of the foreign ruts. The American woman who signs herself Theodate Geoffrey is the welcome exception.

Chinese Fantastics retells some of the more familiar and oft-told facts about Chinese customs and beliefs, some of them more often told than accurate. But for those who have never read anything about China, it will be amusing, if not very instructive.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

The Birth of the Gods, by Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

THE flavor of those dark chapters of Peter and Alexis in which Merezhkovsky wrote of the Russian sectarians with passionate, intimate documentation, is present here, though in diluted form. This novel, while done with a subtlety and beauty that are not common, is far from being in his grand manner; it does not seem to have been poured out of a rich knowledge of secret, detailed chronicles; it remains fragmentary, only partially imagined, and not quite life-size. A great deal of the Cretan civilization, at once young, cruel, lovely and perverse, comes to us from these pages, but the times are too remote, the effort to recapture them too difficult, the mood too feverish. One would like to know if The Birth of the Gods was written before or after that truly remarkable piece of imaginative historical writing, December the Fourteenth, which deserved so much more attention than it received. It would seem that the nearer Merezhkovsky is to the epoch he is writing about, the more plausible and alive is the result. Though Crete offered exciting possibilities, for the uses of fiction it is somewhat more than hull down on the past's horizon.

R. L.

Contributors

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